★ Dec. 21, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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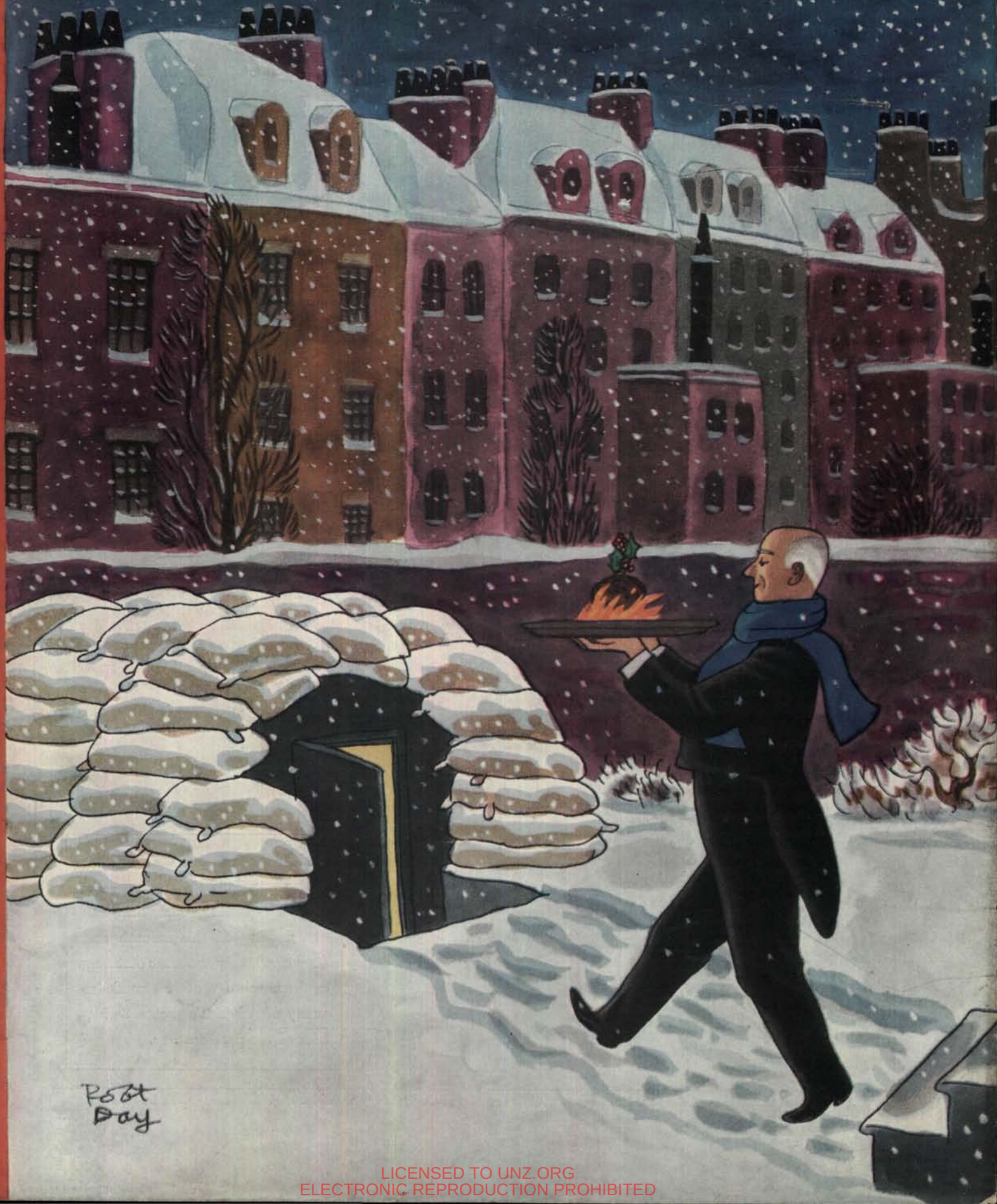

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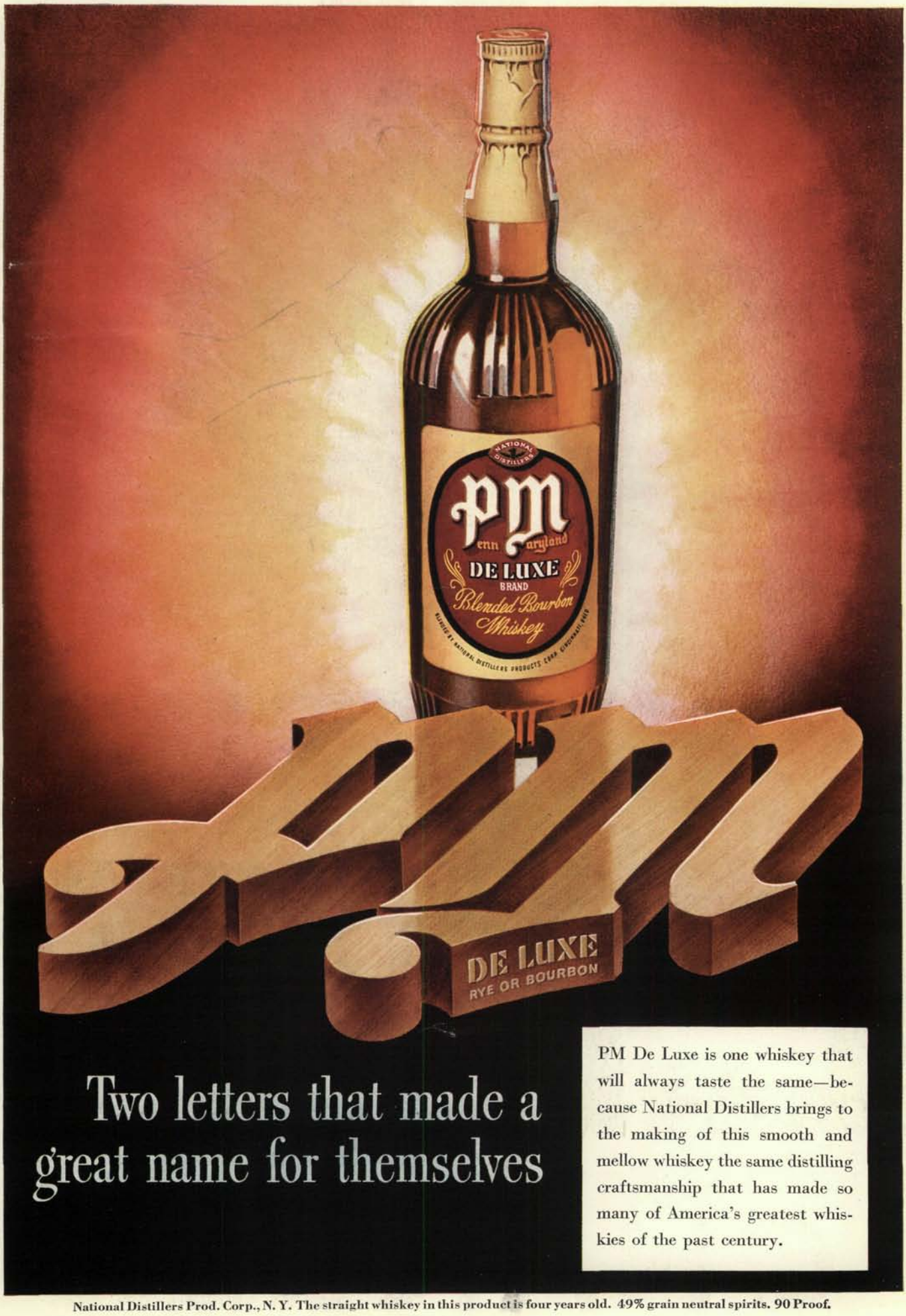

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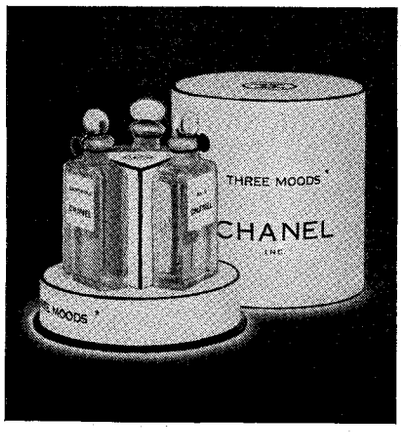

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(What with the way producers are juggling their holiday-week matinées around and substituting Sunday-night performances for the usual Monday ones, the question of when you can see some of the current shows and when you can't is rather uncertain. Before setting out, you'd better call the box office for last-minute information. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Charley's Aunt—Believe it or not, this old chestnut has been made into one of the pleasantest things around town. Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's fine performance are mainly responsible. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 26.)

The Corn Is Green—An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted, in which Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 26.)

Delicate Story—The wife of a Swiss delicatessen storekeeper falls in love with a soldier, causing quite a lot of embarrassment all around. Edna Best, Jay Fassett, and John Craven do their best, but the Molnár story is very slight. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

George Washington Slept Here—A very diverting explanation by George Kaufman and Moss Hart of what people who move out to the country can expect. Ernest Truex and Jean Dixon head a superlative cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 26.)

Life with Father—The late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family adapted for the stage by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Not quite as lifelike as the book, but very funny and satisfactory anyway. Mr. Lindsay is Father and Dorothy Stickney is Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A rather malicious and very witty comedy about an old New York *Times* dramatic critic by his friends Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is almost perfect in the principal rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.; extra Mat. Wed., Dec. 25.)

Separate Rooms—An old-time farce having to do with a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Dec. 25, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 26.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Sun. at 8:30, and Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except Dec. 25, and Sat.; extra Mats. Sun., Dec. 22, at 3, and Thurs., Dec. 26, at 2:45.)

Twelfth Night—The Theatre Guild's first production of the season is worth seeing for a very touching performance by Helen Hayes and a very subtle one by Maurice Evans. They are supported by June Walker and Mark Smith, among others. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. No performance Wed., Dec. 25. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.; extra Mat., Fri., Dec. 27.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Retreat to Pleasure—A play by Irwin Shaw, with Leif Erickson, Edith Atwater, and John Emery. The Group Theatre's first production of the season. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Dec. 19 and 21, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—A revue that is nearly all Ed Wynn, which ought to be enough for anybody. He is helped along from time to time by Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, the De Marcos, and two wonderful acrobats. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Dec. 25, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 26.)

Cabin in the Sky—An all-Negro musical fantasy which is fine, though occasionally a little elaborate. Ethel Waters heads the cast, and Todd Duncan, Dooley Wilson, Rex Ingram, and Katherine Dunham support her handsomely. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Dec. 25, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 26.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Mr. O. and Mr. J. just as active as they were back in 1936, when all this started.

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28.

(Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Thurs. through Sun. Eves., Dec. 19-22 and 26-29, at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 21-22, and Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 26-28.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson has come back to sing "Mammy," "Sonny Boy," "April Showers," and practically anything else your old-fashioned heart desires. He is disguised as a radio cowboy, but you can just ignore that. Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and Bert Gordon assist energetically. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Some lovely skating, which starts off by being very exciting and then gets a bit tiresome. Sonja Henie, who sponsors it, doesn't appear, but Joe Cook does. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mats., Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 26-27.)

Louisiana Purchase—Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer in this fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Dec. 27.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter's songs in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. With Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 26.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Cue for Passion—A play by Edward Chodorov and H. S. Kraft, with Gale Sondergaard. Staged by Otto L. Preminger and produced by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers. Opens Thurs., Dec. 19. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Every night, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Old Foolishness—A comedy by Paul Vincent Carroll, with Sally O'Neil. Produced by John Golden and directed by Rachel Crothers. Opens Fri., Dec. 20. (Windsor, 48. E. PE 6-4891. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Dec. 25, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 26.)

Old Acquaintance—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in a comedy by John van Druten, produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. Opens Mon., Dec. 23. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Meet the People—A topical revue which has had quite a run in Hollywood. Opens Wed., Dec. 25. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Pal Joey—A musical comedy, with songs by Rodgers and Hart and book by John O'Hara, all based on the O'Hara "Pal Joey" pieces. Staged and produced by George Abbott. Opens Wed., Dec. 25. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A dramatization by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph A. Fields of Ruth McKenney's book of the same name, with Shirley Booth and Morris Carnovsky. Staged by George S. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Thurs., Dec. 26. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

All in Fun—A revue by Virginia Faulkner, Will Irwin, and several others, with Imogene Coca, Wynn Murray, and Bill Robinson. Produced by Leonard Sillman. Opens Fri., Dec. 27. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Mum's the Word—After a layoff, Jimmy Savo plans to return on Christmas Day with his ten acts of pantomime, seven of which are very good indeed. (Belmont, 48, E. BR 9-0156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Ruth and Paul Draper—In their first monologue-and-dance recital together: Thurs., Dec. 26, through Sun., Jan. 5. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Eves. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat.)

Children's Entertainment—"Hänsel and Gretel," adapted for the stage by Terry Morgan and Jeanne Elgart and produced by the Hilltop Theatre: Fri. Aft., Dec. 20, at 4; Sat. Morn. and Aft., Dec. 21, at 11:30 and 2:40; Sun. Aft., Dec. 22, at 3; and daily, beginning Thurs., Dec. 26, at 2:40 P.M. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal. GR 5-8515.) . . . The Sue Hastings Marionettes presenting "The Laughing Donkey": Sat. Aft., Dec. 21, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Original Ballet Russe—Colonel W. de Basil's company in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Aft., Dec. 26. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 26. . . . "Swan Lake," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Aurora's Wedding," Fri. Eve., Dec. 27. . . . "Swan Lake," "Cinderella," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., Dec. 28. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Paganini," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., Dec. 28. (51st Street, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

Argentinita—The Spanish dancer and her company in a program of native dances: Sun. Aft., Dec. 22, at 3:30. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

Devi Dja—Assisted by her East Indian dancers and a gamelan orchestra: Fri. and Sat. Eves., Dec. 27-28, at 8:45. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry and his orchestra play for dancing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Something, and a very good thing, that Felix Ferry thought up not so long ago. Carol Bruce sings and Gerry Morton's orchestra provides the music.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A pleasant addition to the local tropics, with albino palm trees, Nat Brandwynne's and Fausto Curbello's orchestras, and a small show.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—It's reverted to type, or rather stripe, and looks much the better for it. Jack Towne's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—This started out as one of the best, and has never faltered. Ted Straeter's orchestra. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A shiny face-lifting

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

job by Norman Bel Geddes hasn't changed Larue's essential character, which, as you know, is a superior one. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—If you like Viennese waltzes, the Tapestry Room, which is open until about 10 P.M., is as good a place as any to go and hear them. They're played by Herbert Hagenor and his orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has Paul Haakon at the dinner hour, the De Marcos and Chiquito's rumba band at supper, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra all evening. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Radio City's aerial nook offers Eddie Le Baron's orchestra and a show which includes Elvira Rios and Gali Gali. Formal dress required on the dance floor.... Barry Winton's orchestra keeps right on playing in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room is holding out stoutly against the trend toward the tropics with an ice show headed by Dorothy Lewis and Hazel Franklin. Hal Saunders' orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is all the patrons ask for at the Café Lounge and, with the exception of Bob Grant's orchestra, she's all they get. Her songs are well worth a hearing.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with a touch of Broadway about it. The present show will be replaced on Fri., Dec. 27, by a new one with John Hoysradt, Peggy Fears, and Hal LeRoy. Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band will remain.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra and the South American dance team called Los Chavalillos are in the informal Empire Room.... Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Sert Room, which has gone informal, too.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**Le Ruban Bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Casper Reardon will be replaced by Vicente Gomez on Fri., Dec. 20. Paula Laurence will stay on.... **Spivy's Roof,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): sketches by George Lloyd and songs by Spivy, on top of an office building.... **Algonquin,** 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): with Olga Baclanova presiding over things.... **Brevoort,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Hope Emerson is here now, and so are Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, those young pianists.... **Penthouse Club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a view of Central Park, a nice-smelling log fire, and incidental music.

Miscellaneous—At the **Montparnasse,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too.... **Le Coq Rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Music by Harold Nagel's orchestra.... **Armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy.... **La Martinique,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers, with Leo Reisman's orchestra and, of course, a rumba band. Closed Mon.... **Club Cuba,** 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922): lots of conga music in a not-too-equatorial setting. Charlie Wright's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine.... **La Conga,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a downstairs place, with South American entertainment.... **Casino Russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy for dropping into after a concert—it's practically *in* Carnegie Hall.... **Café Society Uptown,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a fairly new place, with a good many of those Negro entertainers who used to be down in the Village—Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band.... **Biltmore,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Will Bradley's orchestra.... **Commodore,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra.... **Essex House,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **New Yorker Hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Abe Lyman's orchestra (to be replaced by Woody Herman's on Fri., Dec. 20) and an ice show.... **Pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra.... **Roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... **St. Moritz,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra.... **Warwick,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with a mite of a dance floor and Ray Benson's orchestra.... **Bill's Gay Nineties,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing.... **Jimmy Kelly's,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **Diamond Horseshoe,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge.... **Beachcomber,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): South Sea atmosphere, Val Olman's orchestra, and a show.... **Hurricane,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical one, with Eddie Bush's orchestra.... **Havana-Madrid,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs place, with Havana-Madrid entertainment.... **18 Club,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White, Frankie Hyers, and Pat Harrington aren't any too fastidious about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

Mostly for Music—At the **Hickory House,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is on hand with her harp, and the Spirits of Rhythm are there, too. Fill-in band Tues.... **Café Society,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's new band, which includes J. C. Higginbotham. Closed Mon.... **Kelly's Stable,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Billie Holiday, the Clarence Profit Trio (except Wed.), and Coleman Hawkins' band (except Tues.) are all on the bill now.... **Famous Door,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): Joe Sullivan's band is the principal attraction. Fill-in orchestra Mon.... **Nick's,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): a downtown place with, except Mon., Bobby Hackett's orchestra.... **Village Vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **Castleholm,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **Queen Mary,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313).... Polish: **Polish Restaurant,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816).... Russian: **Kretchma,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784).... Latin: **El Chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **Club Gaucho,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Christmas Day.)

Andreu and Robbins—Skillful, fantastic paintings, surrealistically ominous and full of rococo symbols, by Andreu; charmingly unsophisticated flower studies and still lifes, among other subjects, by Robbins: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

Connaway—Brisk, realistic marines, mainly of the Maine coast: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Curry and Taylor—Rather undistinguished water colors by the first; eerily ironic wash drawings by the second: Walker, 108 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

Europeans—At the **Nierendorf,** 18 E. 57: arresting early paintings by James Ensor and Kandinsky in a collection mainly of moderns, chosen for color and contrast. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.... **Koetser,** 71 E. 57: flower paintings by such seventeenth-century artists as Jan Breughel and Jan van Huysum, from the Eugene Slatter collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.... **Wildenstein,** 19 E. 64: twenty-eight oils by Italian, Flemish, and French painters of the Fontainebleau school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 28.... **Buchholz,** 32 E. 57: black-and-whites by Braque, Rouault, Kandinsky, and a dozen or more other moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

French—At the **French Art,** 51 E. 57: landscapes by Boudin, Courbet, Corot, and other nineteenth-century painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.... **Carson,** 38 E. 57: mixed group of paintings by Utrillo, Friesz, Jean Eve, and others considerably less well known. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

Gorsline—Smartly painted, carefully observed city scenes: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

Groups—At the **National Arts Club,** 15 Gramercy Pk. S.: twenty-fifth annual exhibition of the Society of American Etchers. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Christmas Day, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 28.... **Julien Levy,** 15 E. 57: brightly fanciful constructions by Joseph Cornell head a show that includes works by Ludwig Bemelmans, Milton Caniff, and David Hare. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Margulies—Mexican studies, expertly handled: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Tues. and Thurs., 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 9 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Marin—New oils and water colors—all swell, and some of the sea pieces are real knockouts: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Christmas Day, 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 21.

Maufra—Graceful, easy, though unexciting oils by one of the less prominent French Impressionists: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Selected paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 12.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—The exhibit of contemporary art shown at the World's Fair French Pavilion has been moved over here, and is worth seeing again. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 12.

Santo, Renne, and Picken—Crisp, naïve little landscapes by Santo; mistily autumnal water colors by Renne; gouaches by Picken (it's a new field for him), smoothly done and sure in feeling: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

Schary—A set of highly appealing, semi-abstract designs in gouache, based on "Alice in Wonderland." Also, selected oils and water colors by modern French artists: Perls, 32 E. 58: Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Schwartz—First one-man show of oils by a painter who goes in for broad effects and usually brings them off: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 20.

Sheeler—New paintings, industrial in theme and impeccable in style: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 21.

Simkhovitch—Some excellent landscapes and some rather too monumental figure studies in his first exhibition in ten years: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 21.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The big, annual exhibition of contemporary American painting—as always, an important affair. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

Young—Retrospective of paintings, drawings, and sculptures, in which the honesty of intention makes up for the slightly dated manner of most of the pieces: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 21.

Yun Gee—Oils by a Chinese artist who mixes Oriental and modern French influences to generally good effect. A benefit for Chinese war relief: Montross, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 21.

Here and There—At the **Clay Club,** 4 W. 8: group show of sculptures in stone. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30.... **Newhouse,** 15 E. 57: paintings by Angna Enters. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.... **Arden,** 460 Park, at 57: paintings and sculptures by John Pratt. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 3.... **Milch,** 108 W. 57: works by Maurice Sterne and other artists. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.... **New School for Social Research,** 66 W. 12: drawings and gouaches by Boris Margo and photographs by Alexander Alland. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 21.... **Grand Central,** 15 Vanderbilt, at 43: water colors by Gordon Grant. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 21.... **Morton,** 130 W. 57: silk-screen prints by Harry Gottlieb and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 10.... **Bonestell,** 106 E. 57: religious paintings by Jean Charlot. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.... **Knoedler,** 14 E. 57: paintings by Henrietta Hoopes. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Mitropoulos conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 19, at 8:45;

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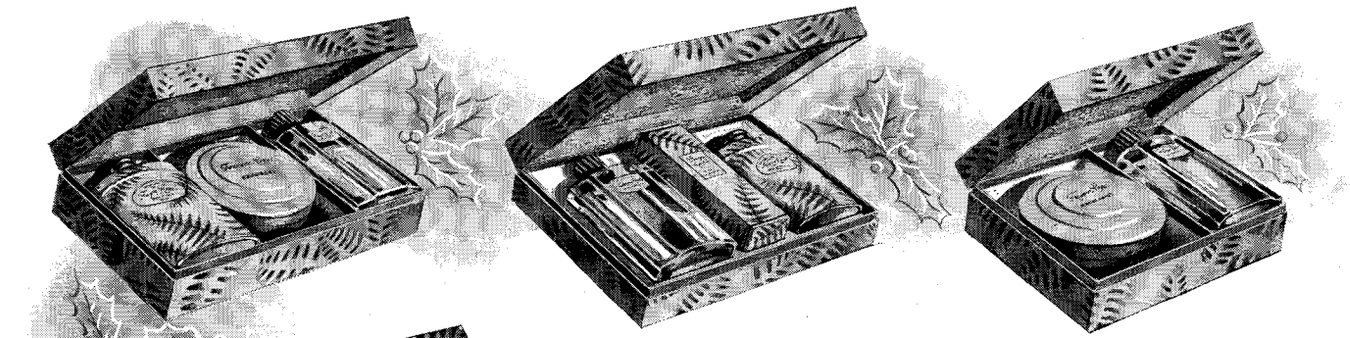

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fri. Aft., Dec. 20, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Dec. 22, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 26, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 27, at 2:30. (Soloist: Spalding, Dec. 26-27.)

N.B.C. SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting the "Missa Solemnis," with Milanov, Thorborg, Bjoerling, Kipnis, and the Westminster Choir as guest performers: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 28, at 10.

MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Douglass conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 20, at 8:45.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 21, at 3.

ORATORIO SOCIETY—Stoessel conducting the "Messiah": Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 21, at 8:30.

TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS—Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 22, at 3.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC ORCHESTRA—Stiedry conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 22, at 5:30. (Soloist: Feuermann.)

NEW SCHOOL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Kolisch conducting: New School for Social Research, Wed. Eve., Dec. 25, at 9. (66 W. 12. AL 4-2567.)

RECITALS

TOWN HALL—Nicola Moscona, Sun. Eve., Dec. 22, at 8:30.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—The first of a series of concerts by the League of Composers will present music by Darius Milhaud, with the composer, the Galimir String Quartet, and others appearing: Fri. Eve., Dec. 27, at 8:45. (11 W. 53. For tickets, write to the League of Composers, 113 W. 57.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Tristan und Isolde," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 19, and Fri. Eve., Dec. 27; "Pelléas et Mélisande," Fri. Eve., Dec. 20; "Don Pasquale," Sat. Aft., Dec. 21; "Un Ballo in Maschera," Sat. Eve., Dec. 21; "Louise," Mon. Eve., Dec. 23; "Faust," Wed. Eve., Dec. 25; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 26; "Madama Butterfly," Fri. Aft., Dec. 27; "La Fille du Régiment," Sat. Aft., Dec. 28; "Samson et Dalila," Sat. Eve., Dec. 28. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden, at 8:15 P.M.: N.Y.U. vs. Syracuse, and St. John's vs. Oklahoma, Sat., Dec. 21; C.C.N.Y. vs. Santa Clara, and Manhattan vs. Illinois, Thurs., Dec. 26; Fordham vs. Kansas, and N.Y.U. vs. Minnesota, Sat., Dec. 28.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Fritzie Zivic vs. Lew Jenkins, Fri. Eve., Dec. 20; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (10 rounds) at about 10.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, at 8:30 P.M.: Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs., Dec. 19; Americans vs. Toronto, Sun., Dec. 22; Rangers vs. Chicago, Wed., Dec. 25; Americans vs. Boston, Fri., Dec. 27. . . . St. Paul's vs. Harvard, Thurs., Dec. 19, at 3 P.M. . . . Amateur-series games, Sun. and Wed., Dec. 22 and 25, at 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

PHOTOGRAPHY—"War Comes to the People," a show of vivid shots of refugees and scenes behind the European battle lines by Therese Bonney: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays, except Christmas Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 5.

JEWELRY—Some amazingly effective designs, half savage and half surrealist, by the constructivist sculptor Alexander Calder: Willard Gallery, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 24.

FASHIONS—Sketches, costumes, and photographs in a retrospective of the Paris openings from 1932 to 1940: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays, except Tues. and Wed., Dec. 24-25, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

MORGAN LIBRARY—An exhibition of animals and birds in art, with illuminated manuscripts, woodcuts, and drawings from the ninth to the nineteenth centuries: 29 E. 36. Weekdays, except Christmas Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

SPORTS EXHIBITION—One hundred and fifty books and manuscripts dealing with sports from the fourteenth century to the present day: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 4.

PUBLIC BALLS—Star Spangled Ball, a benefit for the William Allen White committee: Hotel Astor, Fri. Eve., Dec. 20, at 10:30. . . . Allaverdy Ball: Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Dec. 27, at 9.

AUCTIONS—At the KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 57—Eighteenth-century silver, Imperial Russian enamels, and modern jewelry, belonging to Mrs. J. Stuart White and Mrs. Julius Ley: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Dec. 19-20, at 2.

BARBIZON-PLAZA, 6 Ave. at 58—Works by such artists as Sloan, Zorach, Lebduska, and Cadmus, among others, in a benefit for Greek war relief: Sun. Aft., Dec. 22, at 2:30.

ON THE AIR

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Don Pasquale," with Sayao and Martini: Sat. Aft., Dec. 21, at 2, WJZ.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Speaking from Washington at the lighting of the community Christmas tree: Tues. Aft., Dec. 24, at 5, WABC, WEAF, WJZ, WOR.

GEORGE VI—His Majesty's Christmas message to his people: Wed. Morn., Dec. 25, at 8, WABC, WEAF, WJZ, WOR.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAMS—The N.B.C. Symphony, Black conducting, Tues. Eve. at 11, WJZ. . . . The Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Barlow conducting, Tues. Eve. at midnight, WABC. . . . High Mass at St. Patrick's, Tues. Eve. at midnight, WQXR. . . . Concert from the Vatican, Wed. Aft. at 1, WEAF. . . . Greetings to Great Britain by Mayor LaGuardia, Lily Pons, and others, from New York; by Prime Minister Mackenzie King, from Canada; and by Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and others, from Hollywood: Wed. Aft. at 1, WJZ.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRAS—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri. Afts. at 3:15, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Mitropoulos conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.

THIS AND THAT—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . André Kostelanetz and Albert Spalding, Sun. Afts. at 4:30, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

TELEVISION—Hockey: Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 19, at 8:40, W2XBS. . . . Basketball: N.Y.U. vs. Syracuse, and St. John's vs. Oklahoma, Sat. Eve., Dec. 21, at 8:15, W2XBS.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28.

MOTION PICTURES

ARISE, MY LOVE—Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland as a couple of lovers abroad who are right on hand for every European crisis. Love triumphs. Gay and bright. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Dec. 19. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Carlton, B'way at 100; starting Wed., Dec. 25. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 26-28.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—A wicked and sprightly French bit which will amuse you and surprise you. With Raimu as a peasant who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

ESCAPE—Nazi Germany and one way to get out of it, as described in Ethel Vance's novel. With Nazimova, Norma Shearer, Conrad Veidt, and Robert Taylor. Exciting. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sun., Dec. 22. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Tues., Dec. 24. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 20-23. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., Dec. 25.)

FANTASIA—Walt Disney takes another hurdle, with the aid of Bach and Beethoven and Stokowski. The movie that gave Dorothy Thompson the screaming-meemies. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR—The surprising Charlie Chaplin picture, which seems to be one of the controversial subjects of the day. It probably belongs in your culture course. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE GREAT McGINTY—A sharp little comedy, with an O. Henry flavor, of the rise and fall of a political grafter. Brian Donlevy and Muriel Angelus. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 22-23.)

THE LETTER—Bette Davis, escorted by Herbert Marshall and James Stephenson, interprets Maugham's famous heroine of Singapore society with great success. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., Dec. 19.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME—A magnificent film of the sea, the fo'c'sle, and the war zone, based upon a number of Eugene O'Neill's one-act plays. Directed by John Ford, and another triumph of his skill. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Sun., Dec. 22. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Fri., Dec. 24-27.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier in a handsome, literate production of Jane Austen's most famous novel. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 26-27.)

SEVEN SINNERS—Our Navy and our Marlene Dietrich meet on a South Sea Island. Both survive, but it's a wonder. (Colonial, B'way at 62; through Tues., Dec. 24. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Wed., Dec. 22-25. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., Dec. 23-24. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 24-26. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 25-26. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; starting Wed., Dec. 25. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Sat., Dec. 28.)

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD—Some Technicolored flying carpets, a djinni, and so forth, straight from the "Arabian Nights." Pretty and youthful. With Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; starting Wed., Dec. 25.)

VICTORY—A competent, careful screen version of the Conrad novel, with Betty Field, Fredric March, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; opening Sat., Dec. 21.)

THE WESTERNER—A Western, but so different from the usual run that the story even includes Lillie Langtry. Mostly, however, Gary Cooper. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Fri., Dec. 20. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 21-24.)

REVIVALS

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1919)—The fantastic classic of the early era. Conrad Veidt. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Dec. 22.)

CLUB DE FEMMES (1937)—Life in a working-girls' home. French, with Danielle Darrieux. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Dec. 21.)

ELEPHANT BOY (1937)—An elephant hunt in India. With Sabu. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., Dec. 21.)

FIVE CAME BACK (1939)—Jungle adventure. Chester Morris and Joseph Calleia. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 24-25.)

GENERALS WITHOUT BUTTONS (1938)—Children and their feuds. French. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 21-24.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Dec. 20.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—A serious biographical sketch. French, with Harry Baur. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 25-27.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Dec. 22.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (1935)—Yes, Shakespeare. With James Cagney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, and Mickey Rooney. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Sun., Dec. 22.)

THE MIKADO (1939)—Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 24-25.)

PINOCCHIO (1940)—Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. and Sun., Dec. 21-22. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 24-26.)

SECRET AGENT (1936)—Hitchcock spy film. Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 21-24.)

THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—Irene Dunne writes a best-seller. With Melvyn Douglas, too. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Dec. 20.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of D. W. Griffith films weekdays, except Christmas Day, at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. On THURS., DEC. 19: "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. FRI., DEC. 20: "Way Down East," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. SAT., DEC. 21: "Orphans of the Storm," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, and Louis Wolheim. SUN., DEC. 22: "Isn't Life Wonderful." MON., DEC. 23: "Rescued from an Eagle's Nest" and "At the Crossroads of Life," both with Griffith; "The Lonely Villa," with Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood; "Edgar Allan Poe;" "A Drunkard's Reformation;" and "Resurrection." TUES., DEC. 24: "1776, or The Hessian Renegades," with Mary Pickford; "A Corner in Wheat," with Henry B. Walthall, Mack Sennett, and James Kirkwood; "The Lonedale Operator," with Blanche Sweet; "The Musketeers of Pig Alley," with Lillian Gish and Lionel Barrymore; "The Unchanging Sea;" and "Enoch Arden." THURS., DEC. 26: "The New York Hat," with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore; "Judith of Bethulia," with Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, and Lillian Gish; and "Home, Sweet Home," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Jack Pickford. FRI., DEC. 27: "The Birth of a Nation," with Lillian Gish, Henry B. Walthall, and Mae Marsh. SAT., DEC. 28: "Intolerance," with Lillian Gish, Constance Talmadge, and Eric von Stroheim.

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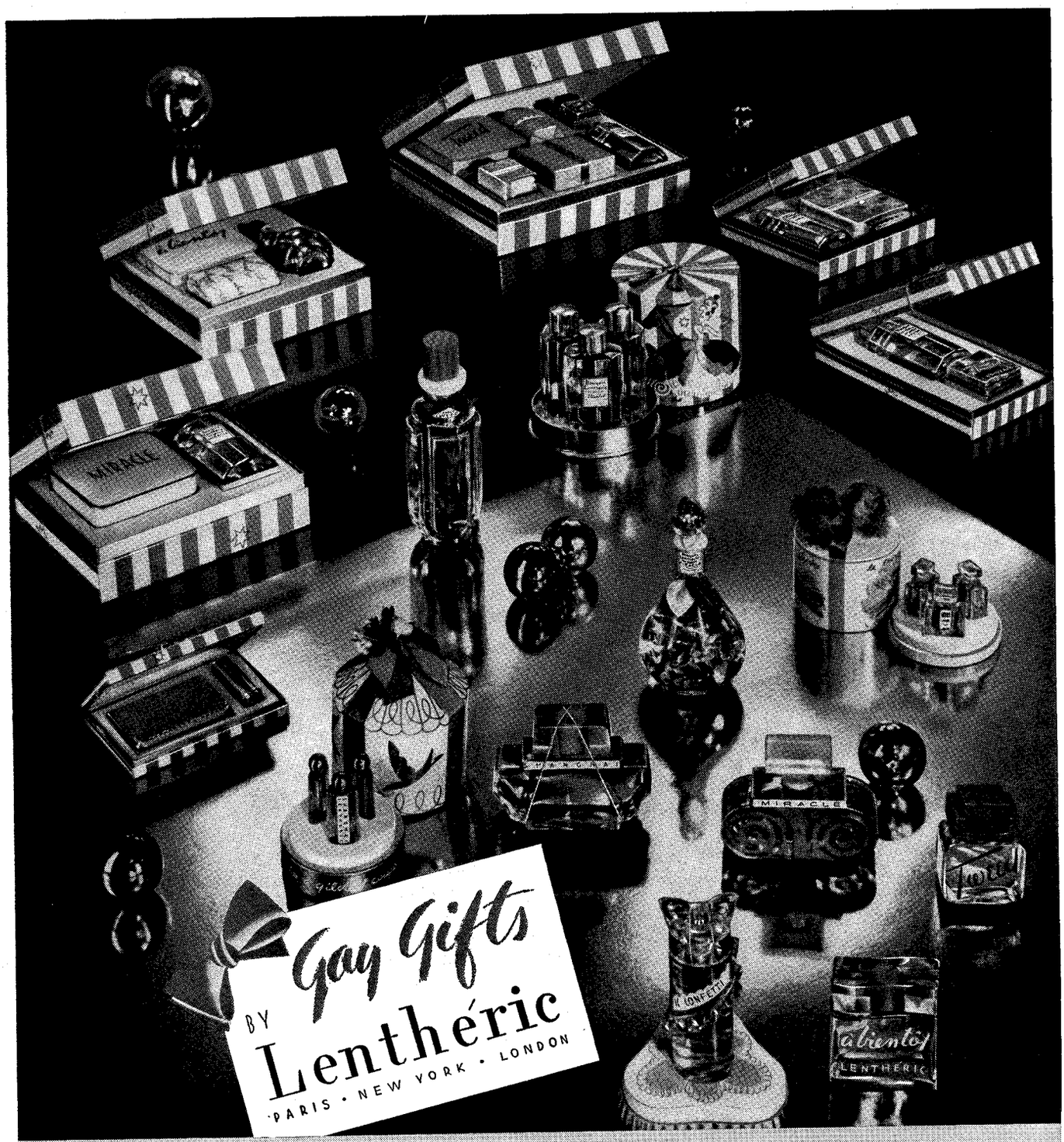

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Gift Presentation, Face Powder (Beige), Bath Powder, Sachet, Soap, 4-oz. flacon of Bouquet, and ½ oz. Perfume. Tweed, or Miracle. **$9.50**

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Etched Decanter, 8-oz. Bouquet Shanghai. Also in A Bientôt, Miracle, and Numéro Douze. **$3.50**

"Triangle de Fleurs," gift flacon each of Perfumes Carnation, Lilas, and Jasmin; or Gardenia, Violette, and Muguet. **$5.00**

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Perfume Shanghai . . . . **$5.00** to **$55.00**

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FEW drops of rain leaked through the roof and fell on the Führer as he promised to conquer all the world; the Duchess of Windsor sailed in from the Bahamas with an impacted wisdom tooth. "I am only a little, simple, unknown soldier," said Hitler, addressing some ninety million Germans over the radio; "I wish people would treat me like any other man taking his wife to the dentist," said the Duke at a press conference on the deck of the yacht Southern Cross. We like both these pictures—the simple soldier, standing in a puddle; the anxious husband, sitting in a crowded waiting room, reading a magazine while his wife has a tooth out. In fact, we always enjoy the efforts of the great to identify themselves with common men. We ourself, if you care, are no more than a simple little clerk in a publishing house with rather a pain in his neck.

WORKING hand in glove with Paul Robeson, Professor Harold Burris-Meyer of Stevens Institute, a man who once invented a sound-projector for theatres that can create the illusion of invisible horses galloping down the aisles, has perfected the "acoustic envelope," a device that allows a man to believe he is all alone with his voice in a small room, even though he be in the middle of Madison Square Garden. We have been following the science of sound and we don't think it knows where it is going. In the old days, a man could say something and be reasonably sure that his words would go away and die forever, about forty feet from his lips. This was all changed by the recording machine, a device that perpetuated everything on wax, making a man's slightest utterance as potentially embarrassing as an old love letter. The microphone, capable of magnifying even a sentimental whisper to a croon that would go around the earth, only made matters worse. Unless we miss our guess, the "acoustic envelope," coming on top of these wonders, may make the human race regret that it has a larynx. Let every public man believe that he is talking to himself in a little room as small as a trunk, and you may very well usher in the greatest age of lunacy the world has ever known. We hear horses galloping down the aisles, all right, and we think they are real.

A VICTIM of misplaced faith in logic in an illogical world, if we ever saw one, is the "I Am" cult, now in difficulties out in a Los Angeles court of law. This is the cult whose leaders not only taught the passing of miracles by the control of imaginary light rays but held the belief that Los Angeles was now "a heart of gold encased in a light of steel" and would ultimately become *the* "city of light." Besides the old stock miracles which the cult had on tap, like the restoration of sight and severed limbs, it offered to its more advanced pupils a degree of imaginary-light-ray control so intense that it could be used to remove stains from the clothing. This the cult leaders probably regarded as the membership-builder to end all membership-builders, but we think it was what really led to their undoing. Reflecting on the universal faith of women in the power of a cleansing tissue to work amatory miracles, they reasoned that an equally attractive commodity would be the possession of a miraculous power capable of wishing away grease spots. It was logical, but it was just a bit too much to swallow with comfort.

TWO young ladies who have been chosen from a field of several thousand as the American woman's beauty ideals—one blonde and one brunette—are going to tour our neighbors to the south, as they say, selling ideals and Coty

perfume. What's expected is that the girls will set the trend for the entire hemisphere for all of 1941. The brunette is brown-eyed, brown-haired, five feet seven and a half inches tall, and thin; the blonde, who stands five feet eight, is "the rounded type, the new trend in blondes." *Our* idea of Miss Average Latin-American Sweetheart is a girl a touch more than just "rounded," something definitely under five feet seven, with brown eyes and hair like an Indian's. Our idea of the same girl after the good-will tour is over is either a hundred-per-cent South American or a mess. Either she will have attempted to fashion herself over in the ideal image, as a brave gesture of Pan-American friendship, or come quickly to the conclusion that the inhabitants of the two continents have practically nothing in common and can never hope to understand one another. In either case, nothing will have been accomplished.

WE have been wondering about the insurance business ever since we read about that company that didn't know it had issued an $800,000 policy on the Tacoma Bridge. It seems that the local agent, who just happened to have a blank lying around, filled it out, sold the policy, and collected his premium, without bothering to tell anybody in

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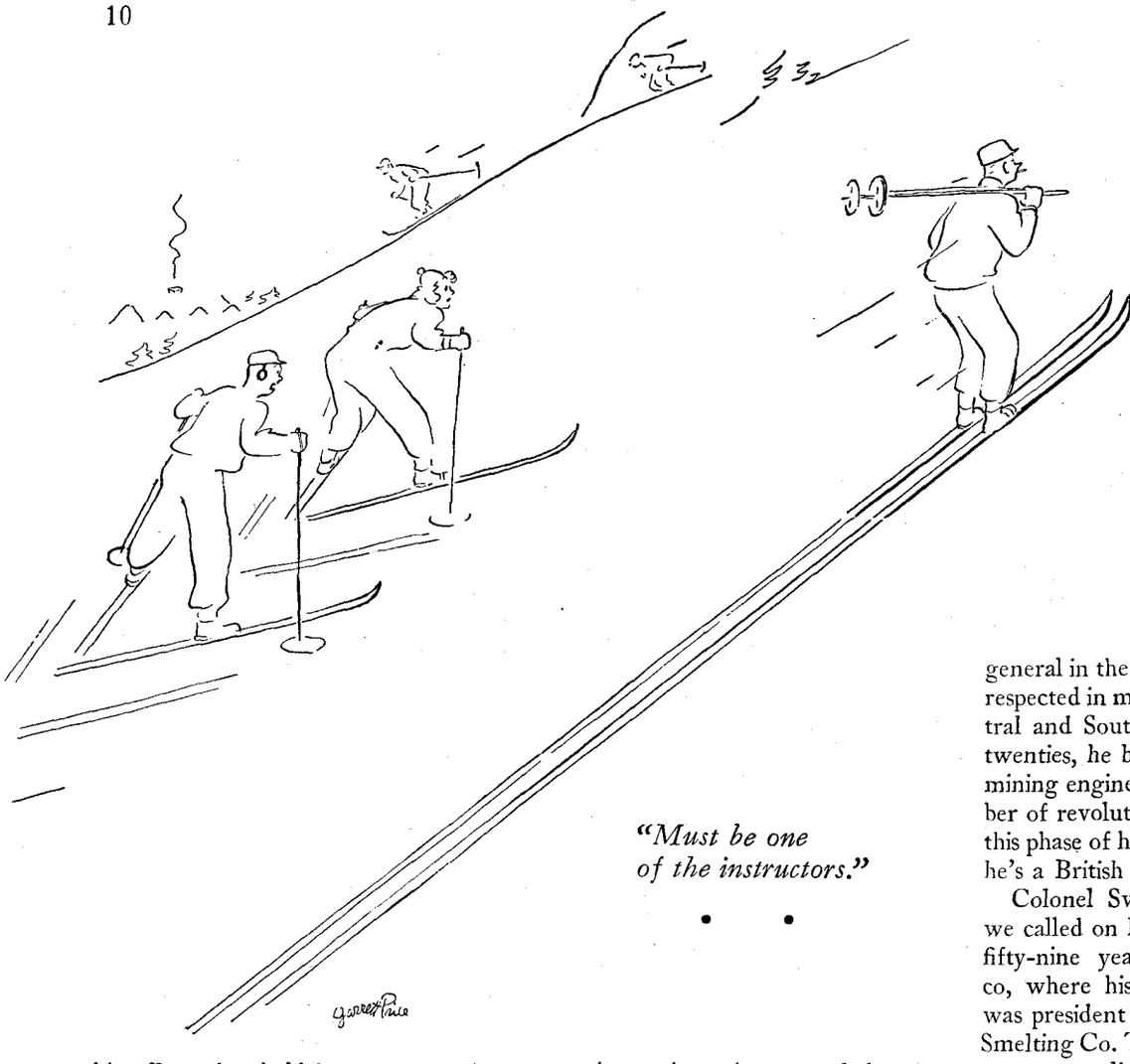

"Must be one of the instructors."

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his office what he'd been up to. As a matter of fact, when the president of the company *did* find out, he said, "We wouldn't in our wildest dreams have insured the bridge for more than fifteen thousand dollars." We would like to know just how much of this stuff goes on. Very low in tensile strength and inclined to sway in the lightest breeze, we are an infinitely worse risk than any bridge, but nevertheless several years ago we managed to insure ourself with a great company. At least we *thought* we did. Now we don't know. We never actually saw anybody, except the agent, a Mr. Mannick or some such, and a rather rascally-looking doctor, possibly a confederate. It may not be logical, but there have been times lately when we couldn't help feeling that this policy of ours is a secret known to nobody in the world except Mannick, the doctor, and us, a private joke about which Mannick is inclined to chuckle sardonically from time to time.

Identical

THIS is the season when the shops take on extra clerks who don't know anything much except that Christmas is coming. A young lady pianist encountered one of these people last Monday. For some weeks she had been struggling with Beethoven's Sonata in C-minor, opus 10, and she decided that it was time she compared her interpretation with that of another artist. She went to a music shop and asked to hear their best recording of the piece. (She had no intention of buying the recording, but that's beside the point.) A young lady with that unmistakable temporary look brought out an album and escorted the girl to a soundproof booth. While she was putting on the first record, the girl saw that the album was Beethoven's Sonata in C-minor, opus 111. "*This* isn't opus ten," she exclaimed. The salesgirl looked annoyed. "Well, it's very nice, too," she said.

Soldier of Fortune

COLONEL CHARLES SWEENY, organizer of the Eagle Squadron of volunteer American fliers who constitute Squadron 71 of the Royal Air Force, is a tall, ruddy, hawk-faced, clipped-voiced man who does not mind his collar button showing. His aviators—a full squadron of twenty-five fliers, a reserve of some thirty more, and as many others training in Canada—are recruited from anywhere, from Brooklyn to Alabama. Colonel Sweeny is over here for a few weeks trying to raise funds for their wives and children. War is a familiar background to him. He has fought in more than he can remember, and has been, among other things, a colonel in the French Foreign Legion, a lieutenant colonel in the United States Army, a group captain in the R.A.F., and a brigadier general in the Polish Army. He is highly respected in military circles all over Central and South America, where, in his twenties, he brightened up his career as mining engineer by engaging in a number of revolutions. He won't talk about this phase of his career, pointing out that he's a British officer now.

Colonel Sweeny, we learned when we called on him at his hotel, was born fifty-nine years ago in San Francisco, where his father, Robert Sweeny, was president of the Federal Mining & Smelting Co. The Robert Sweeny whose name was linked with Barbara Hutton's is his nephew, and a member of his squadron. He has two sons, one of whom drove an ambulance for the French in this war; the Colonel hasn't heard from him in eight months, and thinks he is in a German prison camp. As a boy, Sweeny worked for his father in mines in Idaho and British Columbia, intermittently attending Jesuit and Indian schools. At eighteen, he began intermittently attending West Point. He was expelled at nineteen, and again, after reëntering, at twenty. "I was expelled for different reasons, but I don't care to say what they were," he told us. "They were glad to get rid of me." The banana-revolution period followed, and in 1914, three days after the outbreak of the last war, he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. In 1915, he was badly wounded in the fighting in Champagne and was decorated with the Legion of Honor. He joined the A.E.F. when we went into the war. Between major wars he has kept fit by fighting the Bolsheviks on behalf of the Poles, the Riffs in Morocco on behalf of the French, the Fascists in Spain on behalf of the Loyalists, and by doing setting-up exercises

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every morning. In the current conflict, he performed special missions for the French Army as long as there was a French Army, and then joined the Royal Air Force and formed the Eagle Squadron. Although he began to accompany various French aviation pioneers on flights around 1909, he has never been a pilot.

We noted two copies of Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" on Colonel Sweeny's bureau, and he said these had been sent to him by the author with the request that he pass one of them along to Waldo Peirce, the painter and a friend of both. Peirce is in Bangor, Maine, where he lives most of the time. Hemingway and Max Eastman are both intimates of Colonel Sweeny, and the Colonel stated that in his opinion both men have hair on their chests. He also told us that as a soldier of fortune he had acquired a great many unusual friends. The telephone rang at this point, and an implausibly corroborative conversation took place. "Two and a half years?" said Sweeny. "Poor old Red! Where'd they send him—Sing Sing?"

Inspiration

TWO of the Waldorf-Astoria's doormen, who looked like the fathers of all New York doormen, were overheard chatting one recent frosty evening. They were peering up at the bronze Winged Victory over the Waldorf's main entrance, and one of them was saying, "To me, she always seems to represent the spirit of achievement."

Birds on Ice

AMONG the strange folk we have heard about lately are a number of ice-skaters who patronize a two-and-a-half-hour session of skating, beginning at 7 A.M., offered daily at the Gay Blades rink on Fifty-second Street, and who call themselves, with magnificent reason, the Early Birds. We assigned a hardy operative to go around there the other morning, and he reports that he arrived on the dot of seven to find eleven people already on the ice. Two members of the rink's staff greeted him. One said, "People who sell narcotics have no more devoted or fantastic customers than we have," and the other said, "This is one of the most mysterious sights of the city." Our investigator, probing the mystery, learned that the eleven earliest birds had arrived at six-thirty, and had their skates on and were all set by seven. Our man stayed around for the whole session and reports that, all told, twenty-two admissions were rung up. The record is fifty. With the exception of one girl hanging cautiously to the sideboards as she moved, and a single male speed skater who kept grinding away in circles, all the participants were cutting fancy figures, including eights. There was very little conversation among them. The best skaters were a couple doing a complicated series of dance steps. They turned out to be Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Polt, winners of the Middle Atlantic States figure-skating championship last year and at present aspirants for the Eastern States championship, which is more important. Mr. Polt is an orthodontist by day, or by later in the day. The Polts skated steadily and with stern determination. Afterward, Mr. Polt explained to our man that he and his wife had so much polishing up to do they couldn't afford to waste time talking to other skaters or resting.

One of the features of the early session is that each bird catches a cup of coffee and a couple of crullers, which are included in the seventy-five-cent admission fee. Our investigator spoke to a few of the group while they were claiming their refreshments, and found that one reason they skate then is that the ice is less crowded and less chewed up than at other times. Miss Irene Michaels, a secretary who has to be on the job at nine, told him that she drops in at least three mornings a week. "I'm so nice and rosy when I get to the office," she said. She has skated only once at a normal hour; she went to the rink one evening, out of curiosity, and hated it. "I'll never forget it," she said. "The place was mobbed. It was awful—all those men racing around." Our man, racing around himself, next interviewed Andrew Kondas, who for ten years has been a night elevator man and rushes down from an apartment house on West End Avenue the moment he gets off at six. He sometimes skates till lunchtime—our lunchtime, that is. He'd rather skate than eat, and is unmoved by the insinuations of other elevator men that he is crazy. "You got to be nuts to be happy," he said happily. He carries his skates to work every night and uses them every morning. On Saturday, his night off, he skates from 2 P.M. to 2 A.M. Next best to ice-skating he likes roller-skating. "I think I'll skate till I die," said Mr. Kondas.

The last report our man submitted is on a young, red-cheeked couple—Kenneth Thompson, a lawyer, and Phyllis Parker, a secretary. Miss Parker was wearing a small jewelled pin in the shape of a skate, which she said proudly Mr. Thompson had presented to her upon the completion of her first successful figure eight. Their ambition is to dance together, on ice, by New Year's and to that end they have been practicing three mornings weekly. Miss Parker gets in extra licks these Mondays, when she is given half a day off for shopping, and skates instead. She is undoubtedly the earliest bird. She lives in Union, New Jersey, and in order to be at the rink by seven has to arise at four-thirty and walk a mile and a half to the Elizabeth railroad station, where she hops on an early-bird train. She sees nothing peculiar in this schedule and can't understand why no buses are running at that hour.

Christmas Spirit

ONE of the children who visited Lord & Taylor's Santa Claus last week was a small girl who, when her turn came before the great man, handed him a half-finished lollypop and asked him to suck it. Santa took the lollypop, but he wouldn't suck it then and there. Later the little girl's mother, who accompanied her, complimented her on her generosity. "Whatever made you think of giving Santa the lollypop?" she asked. "I wanted to see if it would get stuck in his beard," the little girl said.

Maestro Ignacy

IF you would like to cheer up Paderewski, who is not feeling any too merry these days, you might send him

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a Christmas card at his hotel, the Buckingham, where he and a small retinue are occupying a seven-room apartment. Paderewski likes to get Christmas cards, and he was delighted at receiving a rather premature one early this month from the Lansdowne High School, Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, to the effect that all seven hundred and fifty of its students wished him a happy Christmas and a peaceful New Year. The former Polish Premier arrived here on November 6th, his eightieth birthday, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Antonina Wilkonska; Sylwin Strakacz, Polish Minister to the League of Nations; the latter's wife and daughter; Ignacy G. Kollupailo, Paderewski's private secretary; and Pajda, his Polish butler. They all moved into the Ritz Tower on East Fifty-seventh Street and immediately ordered a birthday cake and some champagne. A couple of weeks ago they all moved to the Buckingham, which is also on Fifty-seventh Street. Paderewski doesn't like to be too far away from the Polish Restaurant, since he has dinner sent over from there four or five times a week. He especially relishes stuffed pike with horseradish sauce; a black bread which is baked especially for him; *flaki*, which is tripe, Polish style; Royal Polish sausage; and *babka*, a Polish cake. His favorite American dish is oysters, and he has these for lunch every day, with lemon and no cocktail sauce. Paderewski's Polish meals are generally brought over by a Polish Restaurant waiter named Wnuk (pronounced Venuck), who has been given this assignment because he served on Paderewski's guard of honor in 1919. Paderewski likes Wnuk, and invariably invites him to sit down and talk with him, in Polish, while he eats. Occasionally, when Wnuk is busy in the restaurant, another waiter brings Paderewski's dinner; at these times, the meal is simply left downstairs, and brought up by a hotel bellboy.

Paderewski does not go out, and, except for Wnuk, he sees hardly anyone. He reads a great deal, mostly newspapers and political books; sometimes he reads all night and then sleeps until the afternoon. His correspondence is enormous and, on the whole, tragic; for example, Polish soldiers now serving with the British Army write him that they have learned that their wives and children have been deported by the Soviets to Turkestan or Siberia, and is there anything he can do about it? There isn't. These letters, whose senders as a rule do not know him personally, are addressed to him in care of Steinway Hall, Carnegie Hall, or the Metropolitan Opera House; some envelopes are simply marked "Mr. Paderewski, New York," "Mr. Paderewski, Washington," or "Mr. Paderewski, care Drexel Biddle, Jr., America." Despite German and Russian censorship, people in Poland are now generally aware that Paderewski is in this country; American friends have written them that Maestro Ignacy is here, and this has got by the censors.

We learned about Paderewski from Mr. Kollupailo, a former Polish marine officer, who was made Paderewski's secretary by the Polish government. Mr. Kollupailo drove Paderewski from his home in Switzerland to Lisbon in the latter's Cadillac. This car was left in Portugal, but Paderewski has brought his second car, a Studebaker, over here, and Mr. Kollupailo told us he was going to take him out for a drive any day now. Paderewski, who is under the care of two doctors, is weak and depressed, but his spirits have improved slightly since he came to New York. He has a piano in his hotel sitting room, but he hasn't touched it. He has, however, been reading the *Musical Courier* with considerable interest. His sister, Mrs. Wilkonska, also has a piano here, and plays it constantly. She looked into the room while we were talking with Mr. Kollupailo, but immediately disappeared. We asked whether we might have a word with her, and Mr. Kollupailo said he thought it would be better not to try. "She is afraid of the press," he explained. "When we were in Portugal on the way here, she chatted with a lady at a party. The lady asked her a great many questions, and she answered them all. Next day a big interview with her appeared in the papers. The lady was the wife of an Associated

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Press correspondent. It was a trap." Mr. Kollupailo told us that Mrs. Wilkonska is a year or two older than her brother.

Early Casualty

PART of the medical examination for Army recruits consists of listening to the candidate's heart, making him jump up and down fifty times, and listening again, to see how well the heart stands up under the exercise. One young volunteer, confident of his health and wanting to show how earnest he was, jumped so energetically that he fell and broke his leg. His heart was quite O.K., it turned out, but he's not yet in the Army.

Last Santa

THE only Santa Claus on the streets of Manhattan this year is a stoutish Santa Claus named Joseph Desposito, who is to be seen, with chimney and bell, in front of Gimbels. He was engaged for nine days by the Volunteers of America, who booked him through the Abet Employment Agency, 779 Sixth Avenue. He gets two dollars a day, and a daily luncheon allowance of a quarter. Santa Claus is a widower with eight children, so the job comes in handy. He was a porter in a hotel, but got fired a month ago. "I'm a Santa Claus to myself, I guess," he told us soberly.

The Volunteers used to have fifteen Santa Clauses out at Christmas time. This year, fourteen of them have been replaced by women in the uniform of the organization. The reason is economic. All but one of the Santa Claus outfits in the Volunteers' wardrobe were found to be worn beyond repair. Replacements cost about nine dollars an outfit, figuring five for the suit and four for the wig and beard. The Volunteers couldn't see buying replacements as a good investment.

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AS to Santa Clauses and Christmas cheer in general, we have to report that last week we encountered a man who owns a house with a small front yard on the upper East Side. He put up a small Christmas tree in the small yard and a large policeman came around and told him to take it down until he got a permit for it. He duly got the permit, and at the same time, in a how-far-is-this-regimentation-going spirit, inquired about other regulations pertaining to the observance of Christmas in the old-fashioned manner, having a suspicion that all the merriment had been legislated or regulated out. He found that on the whole Christmas fun is still possible but you must get permission from the proper authorities. He was told, he reported to us, that carol-singing is permissible without a permit of any kind, coming, in the police viewpoint, under the right of free assemblage. Carollers must not solicit alms, however, or exhibit evidence of having dipped too freely into wassail, and they mustn't sing within five hundred feet of a hospital, a church while a service is going on, or a court in session. Christmas trees anywhere outdoors in New York City are lumped in with street fairs by the police; you have to ask them for a permit. A permit from the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity is necessary if you want to put electric lights on the tree, and if you're going to light a tree, you have to use electricity, because all other forms of illumination are forbidden. A permit from the Parks Department is required for putting up a tree in a public park or square. People planning to venture outdoors in Santa Claus costume are reminded of Section 887, Subdivision 7, of the Code of Criminal Procedure, which forbids wearing any sort of mask or false face in public, except by guests invited to a masquerade. You're perfectly safe wearing a false face to a masquerade, provided that your host has obtained from the police a licence to stage such an affair. Santa Claus costumes without beards are O.K., and the cops may even wink at a beard which doesn't conceal much of your face. Merry Christmas, and be sure to keep in touch with your mouthpiece.

Fun

A GIRL we know got on a crowded Madison Avenue bus the other evening and clung perilously to the upright near the driver's seat while he hurled the bus up the avenue in a series of neck-breaking stops and starts. Finally she said to him, "There's no reason to go so fast. Every time you stop or start, the passengers almost fall down." "Lady," he said with a wide, one-arm flourish, "they love it."

"'A' as in Argyrokastron?"

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SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

MARGARET CUMMINGS lifted the large copper bowl, filled with unopened Christmas cards, from the living-room table and carried it over to a bridge table that stood in front of the couch. "Now, then," she said, setting the bowl down.

Mr. Cummings, who was sitting on the couch, put aside a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* and sighed. "Are you going to check them with your list?" he asked.

"Certainly I'm going to check them with my list. I always do. At least, you can check them as I read them to you. There's no sense in keeping people on your list when they don't remember you. And if we find *we've* forgotten someone, we can still get a card in the mail tonight. The list is on my desk."

Mr. Cummings got up and went over to the desk. He was a small, slender man who was untouched by the gaiety of the season. And although, after dinner, he had helped his wife trim their tree, he had done so with a sort of mathematical precision, interested only in the technical details of the business. He had fastened the tree firmly in its stand, tested the lights, straightened the wires on the ornaments, and unwound the tinsel. The twenty Christmases he had lived through since his marriage had left him with a mild distaste for red and green ribbons, tissue paper, Christmas seals, and the smell of spruce trees.

"It's under the blotter," Mrs. Cummings said. She pulled a straight chair up to the bridge table and sat down. "You might bring that letter-opener, too."

Mr. Cummings brought the letter-opener and the list and sank back on the couch again. "All set?"

"This looks like an ad," Mrs. Cummings said, holding up a square white envelope. She slit it open and her face fell. "It's from Chris. Chris Panagakos. Why, I feel *terribly* about it. I haven't bought a thing there for months, not since I decided to pay cash and go to the A. & P." She ran her finger lightly over the card. "It's engraved, too. And in very good taste. Really, in *very* good taste. It just says 'Compliments of the Season' and 'Panagakos Brothers.' "

"Well," Mr. Cummings said, fingering the list, "do you want to send them a card or don't you?"

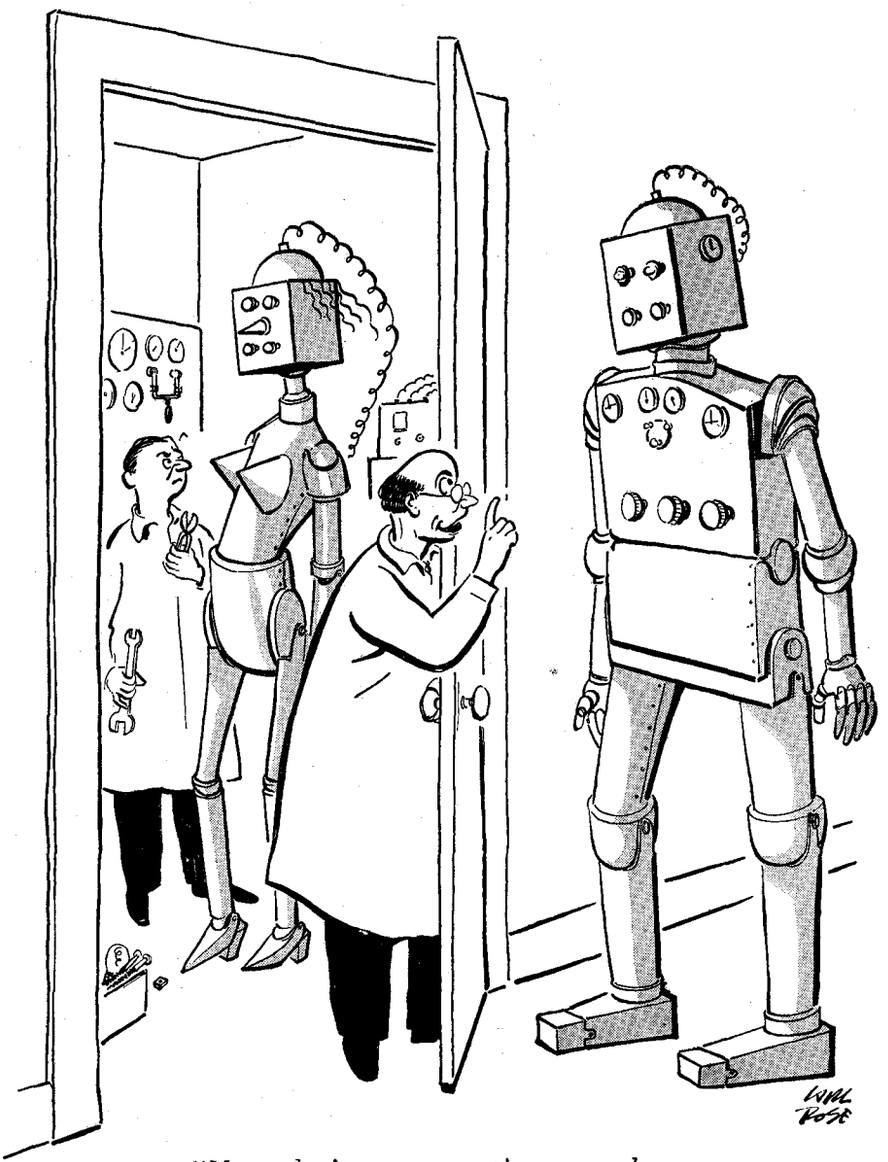
"Of course not. I'll just stop in and buy some little thing. Here's one from the Archer girls. You know, Bobby Archer's sisters. I suppose that's intended to be Mattie Archer carrying that boar's head. Any of the Archers would drop dead on a mouthful of boar's head with *their* stomachs. Why, Mattie Archer is ridden with ulcers. Ridden with them."

"O.K.," Mr. Cummings said. "They check."

"Goodness!" Mrs. Cummings exclaimed. "This one's written all over, like a letter. It says, 'Angus is in high school and Barbara is continuing her studies at St. Mary's. We all hope to go East next summer.' Why, it's from this girl I went to college with. This girl was a girl—I hate to say this, but —well, she was crazy. Not exactly crazy, but *odd*. And why she would ever think I would give a hoot about what her children are doing I'm sure I *can't* say. Helen Smosely was her name. Did you ever hear of anything like it? And it's a good thing she signed it 'Helen Smosely Martin,' because if she'd signed it 'Helen Martin,' I wouldn't have known who she was from a hole in the ground. Put her down for next year, Bill, because she's in Detroit and if I send her a card tonight, she'll know I just did it because I got one from her."

Mr. Cummings took the card and copied the name and address from it carefully.

"I can't get over it," Mrs. Cummings said. "Helen Smosely. She probably got my address from the *Alumni Quarterly*. Here's a card from those friends of yours in New Mexico—the Ryans. I sent them one on your account. Look, their card has a swastika on it. Not very appropriate, considering. You'd think they'd realize how people might feel about swastikas, although I suppose, liv-



"Now, don't come snooping around. We're preparing a little surprise for you."

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ing in New Mexico, they still think of them in the old way." She shook her head. "Helen Smosely. Here's one from the Burchells. It ends, 'There is laughter everywhere, And the shouts of little children fill the wintry air.' Although I don't see how they would know when they haven't any little children and never did have. I don't believe people can read the verses on the cards they buy or they'd never buy them. I thought ours looked nice this year, didn't you, Bill?"

Mr. Cummings put one hand to his forehead and frowned. "Let's see—"

"Oh, Bill!" Margaret Cummings laughed. "You've forgotten. If that isn't *too* funny! Wait until I tell Frannie. You just about slay her anyway. It was the photograph of our fireplace that we took last Christmas. Remember how pretty the fireplace looked last Christmas? And I must say I think it was smart of me to have it photographed and plan so far ahead."

"Oh, sure."

"Well, I never told you, but after the cards were all done I had a better idea. Next year, I think it would be cute to have my stocking and your sock hanging from the fireplace and to have my head coming out of my stocking and your head coming out of your sock." She put her head to one side and looked at him speculatively.

"Might be hard to do," he said.

"Nonsense! They do all sorts of things nowadays with photography."

"You'd better step on it," he said. "It's getting late."

"I'm going to plan on it for next year." She fumbled in the bowl and opened another envelope. "Here's one addressed to you. Signed 'Frances Swett.' "

"Swett?" Mr. Cummings repeated. "Never heard of him."

"Never heard of *her*," Mrs. Cummings corrected. "It's spelled with an 'e.' "

"Well, never heard of her, then."

"It's a nice little card," Mrs. Cummings said sweetly. "A five-cent card, but very neat and in good taste. Just a holly wreath, and it says, 'A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.' The signature is in a woman's handwriting."

"Let's see it." Mr. Cummings held out his hand.

"You must have heard of her," Mrs. Cummings insisted, and handed him the card. "There it is. S-w-e-t-t. Could it be somebody in your office?"

"Nope," he answered. "There's nobody in our office named Swett."

"I'd like a pound of assorted cigars."

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"Someone who *was* in your office, then?"

"If she was, I don't remember her."

"Well, she remembered *you*," Mrs. Cummings said. "Not that it matters. We'd better hurry."

She began to open the envelopes, calling off the names to Mr. Cummings, who checked them with the list. Soon the table was covered with cards and the bowl was empty.

"All through?" Mr. Cummings asked.

"Yes, that was the last," she said. She got up and, going over to the tree, switched on the lights. "That is, everybody is accounted for except for the girl who sent you that little card." She reached up and began draping the tinsel more loosely on the branches.

Mr. Cummings watched her as she stood with her back to him. Even in the soft-colored light from the tree he could see that her hair was very gray. And, although her dress was a becoming color, it pulled slightly across her hips and shoulders. Underneath the tree lay the packages that she had arranged so they would give the best effect. She was really very young, he thought. He looked through the cards on the table until he found the one addressed to himself. He opened it and looked at the name Frances Swett. Suddenly he had a vague and pleasant recollection of a girl who had come to his office with a letter of introduction. He remembered that he had been helpful and almost courtly. He tore the card in half and, getting up, he walked to the fireplace and threw the pieces in.

"Probably a mistake of some kind," he said. "Must be more than one William Cummings in the telephone book." He went over to Margaret and put his arm carelessly around her shoulders. She stopped arranging the tinsel and turned her head toward him so that she could look into his eyes.

He kissed her lightly on the cheek and looked up at the tree. "Smells good," he said.

—SALLY BENSON

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Dr. William J. Sullivan will be host tonight to members of the Cheese club.

The Fredonia Cracker club will meet at the home of Dr. C. U. Walker, Central Avenue.—*Dunkirk (N.Y.) Observer.*

We want union now!

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"How do you make a wassail bowl?"

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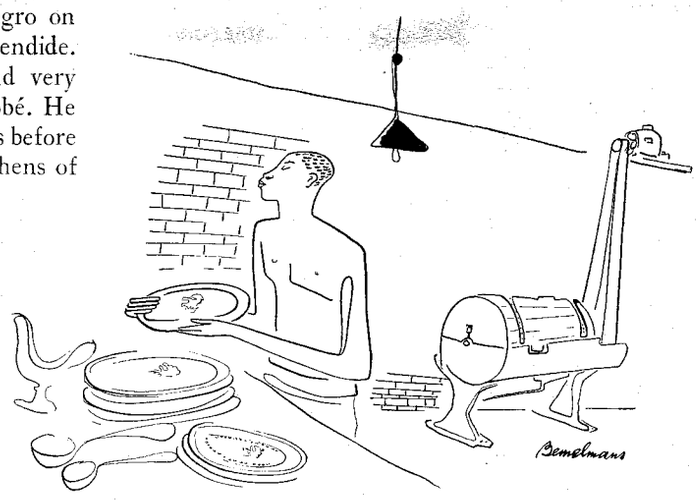
THE SPLENDIDE'S NIGHT IN GRANADA

THERE was only one Negro on the staff of the Hotel Splendide. He was a Senegalese, and very black, and his name was Kalakobé. He had come to New York five years before and had found work in the kitchens of the hotel because he was a Frenchman. Besides French, he spoke an African dialect and a few words of English, and he always insisted that he was not a Negro but an African.



Kalakobé was employed under the magnificent title of "casserolier," a job for which it was very difficult to find anyone. The casserolier had to drag huge casseroles across the floor, and copper and iron pots that were sometimes four feet and more in diameter, lift them into wooden tubs, wash them, and put them back where they belonged. This work took a man of immense strength, and therefore everybody was glad that Kalakobé was so big and that he worked ten hours a day year in, year out and sang while he was working. He stood in a steam-filled room, a pantry all his own, and here he knocked the huge pots around and poured tons of hot water from one into another. He was bare to the waist and worked under a strong light that made him blue-black, except when he was scrubbing the outside of the casseroles. Then his body was red wherever the copper reflected. As he lifted the largest of the casseroles, a play of muscles started on his back, cords pulled, ridges rose. It was a lesson in anatomy.

If Kalakobé was not in his pantry, there were four places where he could be found: in the silver room, under the stairs in the Jade Suite, in the ballroom, or at the uniform tailor's shop.

Under the stairs of the Jade Suite he had built a small jungle. Someone had given him a broken-down couch and he had hung up several carpets which were not in use; they formed the walls. In there he sat, ate, and sometimes slept by the light of candles.

After he was through scrubbing the casseroles that were used for cooking the midday meal for about eight hundred guests, he went to the room where the hotel silver was cleaned, and there he attended two Tahara machines, which are wooden drums that turn. Inside each drum are thousands of little pellets like bird shot. The drum is opened, a quantity of silverware is put in, and with it a large piece of soap the color of strawberry ice cream. When the drum is closed and starts to turn, the pellets inside sound like the ocean far away. After a while the drum is opened, the silver is taken out, rinsed off, and dried. It is then as bright as new. The Hotel Splendide's silver passed through these machines almost constantly.

In this room Kalakobé stood against a background of champagne-coolers, soup tureens, rows of candelabra, trays, and dishes of every size. When these had been washed and dried, there were hundreds of forks, spoons, demitasse spoons, and silver knives for him to do. From all these objects a shimmering white light reflected, so that his body from the waist up was covered with silver scales. He had cut away from his shoes the part that covered his toes, and his trousers were held up with a red sash, and no matter where he stood, he was always a good portrait. The bare walls of the silver room were tiled, and against the precise divisions of the tiles one could measure him and even his movements —three tiles across for the shoulder, eight from the elbow to the wrist, and ten from the top of his head to the first ribs on his chest.

He was most happy in the workshop of the old tailor who made the uniforms for the hotel staff and pressed and repaired them. Kalakobé brought food to the tailor's cat and held it in his arms while he sat in a corner of the room, watching the doormen with envy as they were being measured for new coats. His dream was to be a doorman someday and wear a beautiful uniform. Occasionally he would get up and stand in front of the rows of closets in which gala liveries for footmen and elevator boys hung, or go through the drawers filled with epaulettes, gold and silver braid, crests, pale-blue silken knee breeches, fancy caps, and pumps with gilded buckles. When the tailor was not too busy, Kalakobé tried on various liveries. One day the tailor made him a present of a doorman's coat that was too far gone to be worn before the Splendide's elegant entrance and Kalakobé was beside himself with gratitude. He put extra buttons and trimming on it and then took it home with him. On the strength of it he got a job at a colored night club in Harlem one night a week, when the regular doorman was off.

When Kalakobé was through working and ready to go home, he dressed with extreme care. His suit was plum-colored, his socks green. Into a neon-red tie he sank the point of an imitation-gold tiepin—a crocodile with paste rubies for eyes and four false emeralds for teeth. Out of his pocket he brought a lapis-lazuli ring and a golden one with an obscure African arrangement of two nude ladies beaten into it. Then he slipped on a form-fitting mauve overcoat that reached almost to the floor. He left the coat open, and wore one yellow glove and carried the other in the gloved hand. As he came out of the hotel he lit up the entire street.

KALAKOBÉ was supposed to work only during the daytime, but when we had banquets in the ballroom, he was paid a little extra to come up and get the casseroles used in the banquet kitchen and, with a long iron hook, drag them into an elevator and down to his pantry. At first he came only during the serving of the meal and left with the cooks, but then he found out that if he waited until the party was over and the tables were being cleared, the waiters would come back from the ballroom with a trayful of glasses in each hand, and in each of the glasses some drink would be left. After that he always stayed in the pantry and waited for the empty glasses. He poured all the drinks—champagne, Moselle, Burgundy, Bénédictine, rye, Scotch, Irish whiskey, brandy, and kümmel—into one pitcher, added lemon and sugar and ice, and bottled

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this mixture. What he did not drink himself, he took home and sold in Harlem.

He came up to the ballroom during the daytime whenever he could get away from his casseroles, and particularly after large balls, when the place was filled with leftover scenery and flowers. While the carpenters and the cleaning women came and went, he sat alone in a far corner of the room, in the dark, with a rose behind his ear, and only the glow of his cigarette giving away his presence. To protect himself against the cold drafts, he sometimes took one of the white felt covers that are used under tablecloths and wrapped it around himself like a robe. Then, with a bottle of his terrible drink on the floor beside him, with his feet spread, his arms loose and so placed that his two hands hung down over his knees, he sat there and made noises, sang quietly, hummed, or tapped with heel and toe, and watched himself in the many mirrors.

I was an assistant maître d'hôtel in the banquet department, and had an office close to the ballroom. When Kalakobé wanted someone to talk to, he would come into my office. The first day he came to see me only his head came into the room. He expected to be ordered out, and when I let him remain he came in altogether, sat down on a silken *fauteuil*, and told me all about himself. He said that he was a Frenchman and that he wanted to be a doorman, that he was six and a half feet tall and would make a fine doorman, that he looked very well in uniform, and that perhaps I could fix it up so he could be a doorman at the Hotel Splendide. In the tailor's shop there was one unused doorman's uniform that fitted him exactly. Also a cap. Perhaps only as a night doorman to start with. He would learn English rapidly, immediately, he said. He could speak a little now—enough for a doorman.

I told Kalakobé that he would make a wonderful doorman, but all our doormen were Irish or English and, as far as I knew, all the doormen in the large and fine hotels in New York were either Irish or English. He said that this might be so, but that Goldfarb had a doorman who was not Irish or English. "But Goldfarb is a florist," I told him. He said that was all right, a florist then—anything so he could be a doorman, any job where he could wear a uniform and advance himself in the world.

This was about the season of the year when society moves to the South, and there was, as always, a lull in the business of fashionable hotels. Kalakobé had more time and he came to see me very often. In the dim light of the reception room, he would sit and talk to me. He spoke very slowly and what he said was simple. His voice was soft, like a deep reed instrument. His ideas were his own—it was not the usual tip-hungry conversation of hotel employees. He spoke of the city, of Africa, of trees, animals, an overcoat he had seen. His French was exquisite and induced a pleasant drowsiness, especially when he talked of uniforms.

I inquired about jobs for him and even sent him to one place which needed a doorman, but although he was acceptable, the uniform that went with the job was dirty, plain, and several sizes too small for Kalakobé, and he came back again.

SOON after this something happened to Kalakobé which was even grander than wearing a uniform. The annual Quat-z-Arts Ball was to be given at the hotel, and with an extravagance typical of the boom days. All the public rooms of the establishment had been engaged for this affair. It was to be known as "A Night in Granada." Weeks before it took place a large committee of patronesses arrived with two interior decorators, an orchestra leader, and a costume designer, and started to make plans for transforming the vast rooms into a replica of the city of Granada. Since Granada was at one time a Moorish city, I thought that both the party and Kalakobé would be benefited by having a black doorman in costume that night, and I suggested this to the energetic lady who was arranging the pageant and the *tableau vivant*. There were already close to a hundred people involved in one or the other, but when she saw Kalakobé, she took hold of my arm and said he must not be wasted out on the street. He was so handsome, she said, that she would put him in the centre of the festivities. In the triumphal march, Kalakobé should carry Isabella into the ballroom.

The costume designer and a couturier who was making the dress for Isabella came the next day and asked for Kalakobé. I sent them down belowstairs, where they saw him in the silver room. They came up full of praises and the day after were

"This year I'm just going to give everybody kittens."

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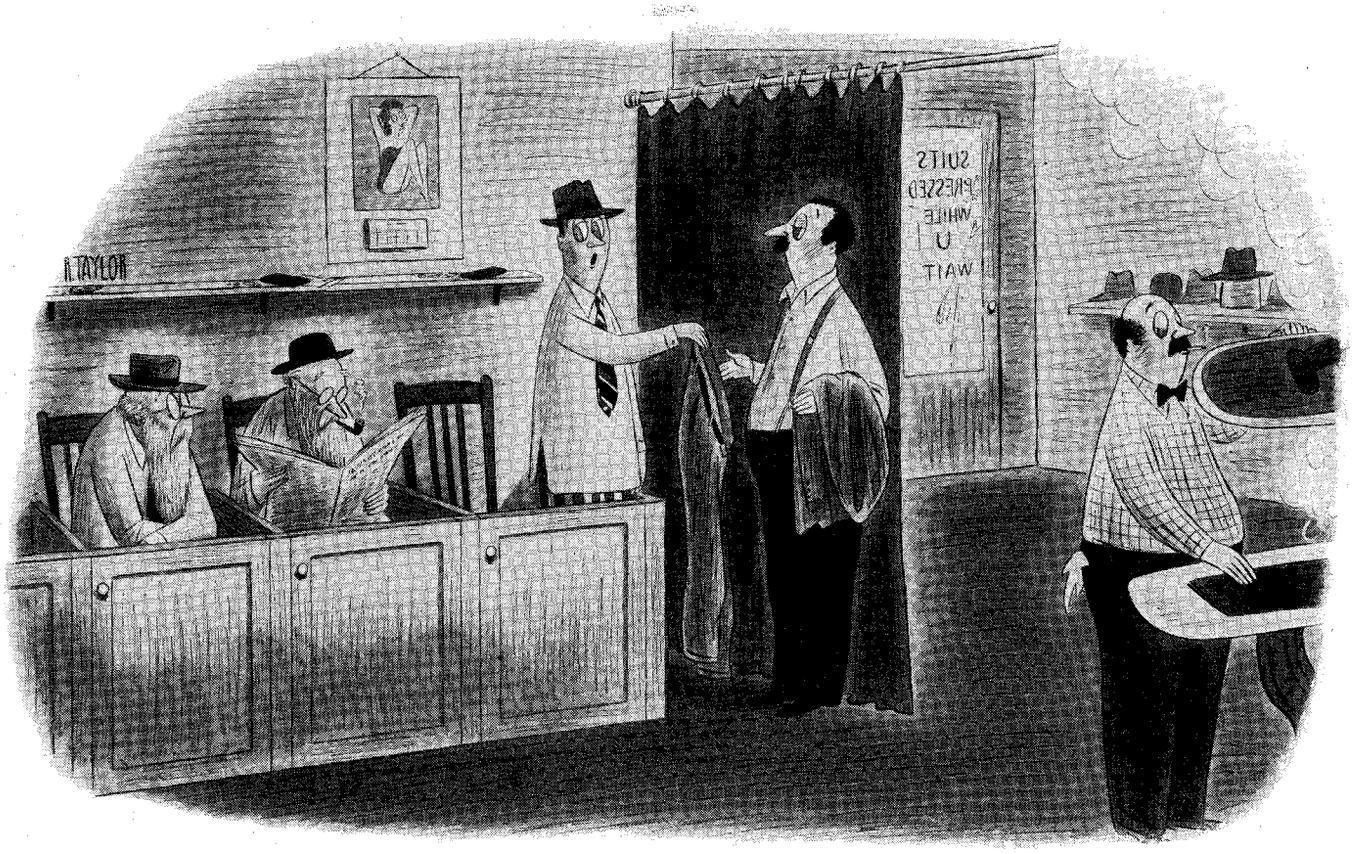

"Er—how long will it take?"

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back again to work out a costume for him. One of them looked at Kalakobé and said that he saw the whole thing in chartreuse. The other wanted a full-skirted effect, with a harem hemline, done in postman's blue, a hooded silver-sequin burnous over the shoulders. They disagreed, snatched swatches of material out of each other's hands, and became frigidly polite. Chartreuse won, and the costume designer knelt in front of Kalakobé and, with his mouth full of pins, draped him from the waist down in soft chartreuse flannel. The chef phoned up for his casserolier and complained that the pots were mounting. I arranged for three of the biggest bus boys to substitute.

ON the day of the party, while the decorations went up, Kalakobé was excused from his casseroles and appeared in the ballroom at about nine in the morning. The wide foyer of the Hotel Splendide had been transformed into Bib Rambla Square, and everywhere stood the pomegranate trees that grow on the outskirts of Granada. The ballroom itself was the Plaza del Triunfo and the balconies had been decorated to resemble Granada's most frequented promenade, the shady Alameda. Every window and door was now Moorish in architecture. The smaller rooms were lined with jasper and colored marbles. In the ballroom, a stage and a triumphal stairway had been built for the *tableau vivant*. In an antechamber that was to be used as a dressing room the costumes for the pageant were being unpacked.

The main characters were Ferdinand and Isabella, Gonzalo de Cordova, Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, Alonso Cano, Mohammed Ebn Al Ahmar, and Boabdil, and there were also many lesser figures out of the turbulent history of Granada. Isabella's gown was the most elaborate. It had been copied, rather freely, from a portrait of Ferdinand and Isabella by del Rincón, and was to be worn by Mme. Julian Alexander Garrand. Mme. Garrand was an elderly, asthmatic patroness of the Quat-z-arts Ball who from year to year braced an uncertain social position by her appearance as the central figure of these spectacles. She had the kind of face that one observes frequently in the shop windows of opticians and wore rimless glasses, which were on the end of a thin platinum chain. Without them, she was almost blind.

For the supper that was to be served after the bacchanal, Mme. Garrand had engaged a large table in the centre of the room. She tried her costume on several times. It was of golden brocade with a rhinestone brassière, out of which her old arms hung, heavy with bracelets. She was going to wear a diamond choker, and a large diamond diadem in her hair. A mantilla of old Spanish lace was tried and discarded; it hid her face.

KALAKOBÉ was dressed at three in the afternoon. Except for a brief parade through the kitchens below, where he stopped all work, and a visit to the tailor, he never left the ballroom. In back of the scenery he had a bottle of his mixture, and from time to time he went there to refresh himself.

A pianist came about four and there was a short rehearsal. Kalakobé was placed in the centre of the *tableau vivant*, with Mme. Garrand on his shoulder, and the pianist played Ravel's "Pavane for a Dead Infanta." After they had held still for a while, Kalakobé carried Mme. Garrand down the

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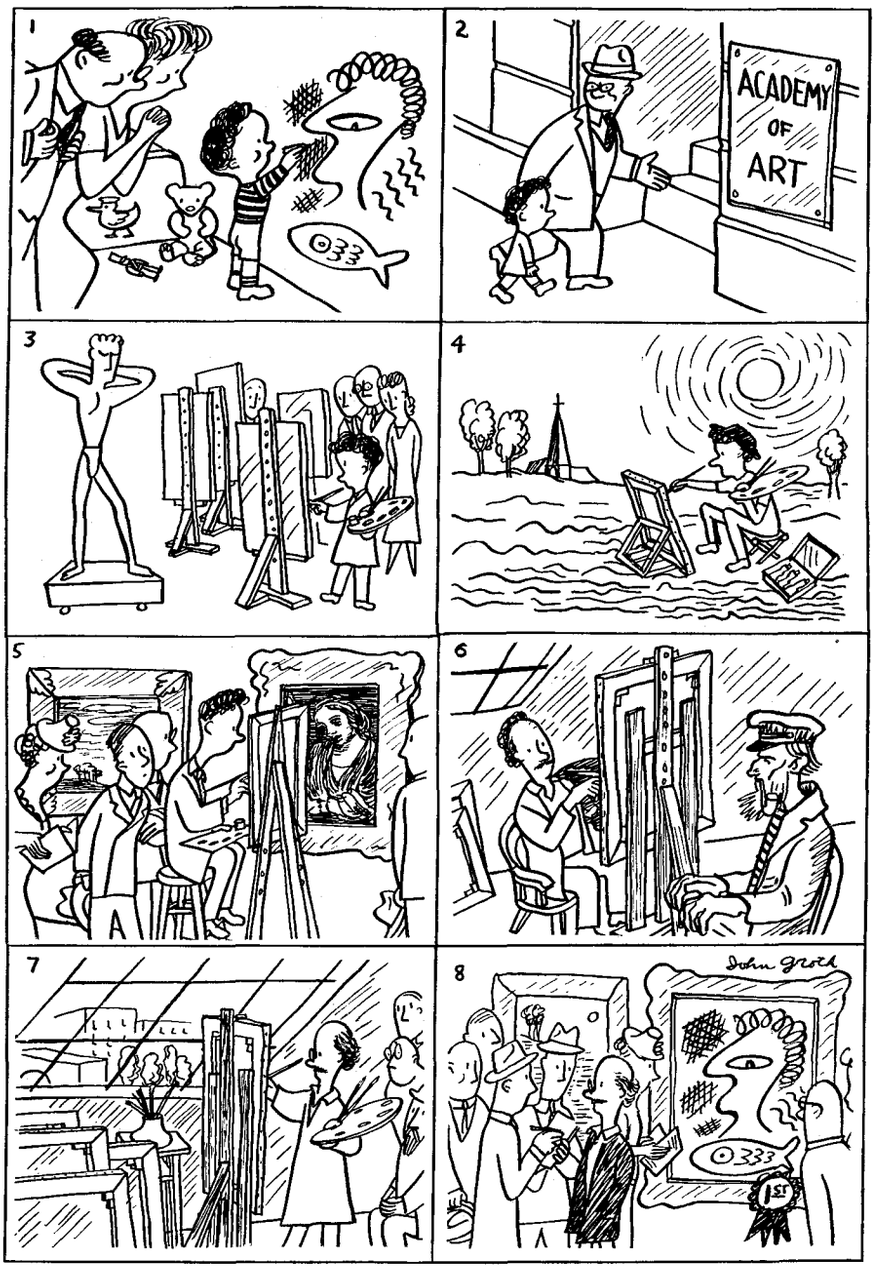

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stairs. He did it with much grace and without effort, for she was small and light. He was told to make a few turns, as if dancing, to put her down gently on the throne, and then lay himself at her feet. The music for this was L. von Meyer's "Marche Marocaine," arranged by Berlioz. After all the participants in the pageant were seated in a circle, a troupe of hired Russian dancers was to dance a bolero. Then Raquel Meller would sing a few songs. After this, supper and dancing until three.

The energetic lady director screamed and pushed people into the formations she wanted, the two decorators argued about the lighting, several costumes were found to be missing, and a scenery man turned his ankle. Otherwise everything went very nicely. The florists folded their ladders and took them out; the coatroom girls came on duty, bringing their towels, soap, and check stubs; the first musicians arrived and tuned their instruments; the ticket-takers slipped on their gloves; and the house detective picked his teeth and talked with the doorman. I went upstairs to change, and when I came down the orchestra was playing and the first guests were dancing.

At midnight the pageant began. The *tableau vivant* started off smoothly. Mme. Julian Garrand was carried down the stairs. Kalakobé made so festive an entrance with her that the thousand-and-some guests applauded. Mme. Garrand, without glasses, smiled to the audience and bowed left and right. All the spotlights were on them. The sixty musicians fiddled and blew the last strains of the "Marche Marocaine" and began the first bars of the bolero. The Russians came into the clear space in the centre of the ballroom, and Kalakobé, with Mme. Julian Garrand on his shoulder, was in their midst. Perhaps he forgot, or perhaps the uncorked bottle and the loose music had worked on him. He refused to sit down or to put Mme. Garrand on her throne. The Russians made faces at him as they danced and told him to set her down, and for the first time a number of the guests laughed. Most of them were too startled to do anything but watch as Kalakobé's body became rigid and a strange set of motions took hold of him. He started stamping and, when the Russians left the floor to him, danced more and more wildly. In desperation the orchestra followed his stamping and he conducted with his head, his legs, and arms. He obtained his best effects by throwing his partner into the air, as far as his and her outstretched arms would let their bodies part. Then he pulled her back again. She passed through his legs and came up over his bent back, and decorations and jewelry fell out of her as out of a shaken Christmas tree. Once she got away from him and, with her mouth wide open, her beer-blond hair streaming after her, fled toward the ring of people, but he caught her as one does a fleeing pullet and danced on. Up she flew and around and around, half mermaid, half witch, her legs bare, one shoe lost. The crowd roared at the end.

As we led Mme. Garrand to the nearest elevator, Kalakobé was surrounded by admirers. He was soaking wet. His chartreuse flannel trousers were sticking to his limbs, his abdomen weaved in and out, and Raquel Meller sent someone for a drink and a towel. Mme. Garrand didn't come down for supper.

—Ludwig Bemelmans

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DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the World-Telegram*]

Wagner became enamoured of Cosima, even though she was married to Von Buelow, who had first brought attention to Wagner's compositions and was his most earnest champion. Wagner had parted from his first wife, Wilhelmina Planer, in 1861. At his instigation Cosima left her husband. Later they were married. Von Buelow did not waver in his admiration of Wagner's music. He ceased to admire the man, Wagner.

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GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Friends of the so-called human race,
Accept our annual Yule embrace!
Come, children, make a wassail noise
In honor of the conscript boys,
In honor of every democrat,
In honor of Carrie Chapman Catt!
In spite of the shape the world is in,
We'll drink to Julia Peterkin;
We'll drink to Serge Prokofieff
And the lion hearts of the R.A.F.,
To Harry Gilbert, Leland Stowe,
Jimmy Forrestal and Jo,
Ed Angly, Jim Thurber,
Harriette Parker, Edna Ferber,
The Frank Reillys, the Fritz Reiners,
The hostesses in Stratoliners,
Elizabeth Gorman, Martin Sweeny,
Dorothy Thompson, Coleman Cheney;
To the gallant boys with the bare patellas,
The skirted Greeks, the Ladies from Hellas!
A toast to Dartmouth and Cornell,
Chiang Kai-shek and Judge La Belle,
Carl Snavely, Frank Ortell,
Saratoga's Company L,
Colonel Feland, Bill Beazell,
Henry Wallace, Stephen Pell—
To all you folks, *Joyeux Noël!*
(Am *I* up to my neck in doggerel!)
A holiday holler, loud but loving,
For Edgar Mowrer and Walter Hoving,
Nick Drahos, Kenneth Crawford,
Cordell Hull, and Betty Lawford,
The King of England, and the Queen,
Willmott Lewis, Dizzy Dean,
Samuel Grafton, Carr Van Anda,
Dorothy Maynor, Carmen Miranda.
Replete with Christmas love for all
(Especially General Charles de Gaulle),
I cry a blessing on Ruth Knight
And Editor William Allen White,
On Bishop Lucey and Bishop Sheil,
Wendell Willkie, Gene O'Neill,
Burns Mantle, Priscilla Lane,
George Bull and Tom Costain,
Commander Robert E. S. Kelley,
Melvyn Douglas and his Nellie,
The Tip Cornings and their baby,
Mr. and Mrs. Douglass Mabee,
Annabella, Tyrone Power,
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brower.
We'll bandy friendly Christmas cant
With F. D. R. and Cary Grant;
Shoot the usual Christmas bull
With Susie Haigh and Peggy Pul,
And shower jovial Yuletide hooey
On Dan Fitzpatrick of St. Louis.
Elizabeth Hawes, Warden Lawes,
Regard me as your Santa Claus!
Eleanor Roosevelt, Eileen Pringle,
Look on Sully as your Kringle!
Blessings and hearty holiday kisses
To all of filmdom's golden misses:
Judy, Merle, Maureen, Claudette,
Rosalind, Ginger, Greta, Bette,
Carole, Brenda and Cobina,
Baby Sandy, May and Seena!
Step up, girls. You really must
Sample Sullivan's Christmas lust.
With joyful yodels I embrace
Raymond Brown and his daughter Grace.
May the herald angel celebrate
For Walter Hochschild and his Kate.
Johnny Harkins, Walter Wanger,
Howard Barnes and Percy Grainger—
A mantle of Yule euphoria
Descend, I pray, on the four o' ye!
Let joy be Arthur William Brown's!
Here's a health to Mollie Panter-Downes!
We'll drink a toast to Marley's ghost,
To "Bull" Durham and William Post,
Van Wyck Brooks, Richard Crooks,
Belle Rosenbaum of *Books*,
Kenneth Nichols, Christopher Kilmer,
And the Lundbecks, Jane and Hilmer.

Let's have a Christmas solo on
The organ by Pietro Yon;
Pietro, sound a diapason
For Seth Morton and Suzie Mason.
See that the carillon is rung
For Walt Matuszcsak and Lou Young;
Let its music rise to heaven
For Admiral Leahy and Ernest Bevin!
Mister, bang those Christmas bells
For Elmer Davis and H. G. Wells!
Oh, kick those Christmas gongs around
For Carl Sandburg and Ezra Pound,
Vince DiMaggio and his brother,
Clinton Sundberg, Jan Struther,
Hazel Lardner and her daughter,
And Frederic Franklyn Van de Water.
Now let's polish off a dram
To John Bull and your Uncle Sam!
Sam, be Santa! Fill John's stocking
With toys to send a Nazi rocking.
Come on, Eire, be good sports!
Give J. Bull the use of your ports!
Winston, we lift this seasonal cup
And say to you and yours, Thumbs Up!

—FRANK SULLIVAN

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PROFILES

MAZIE

A BOSSY, yellow-haired blonde named Mazie P. Gordon is a celebrity on the Bowery. In the nickel-a-drink saloons and in the all-night restaurants which specialize in pig snouts and cabbage at a dime a platter, she is known by her first name. She makes a round of these establishments practically every night, and drunken bums sometimes come up, slap her on the back, and call her sweetheart. This never annoys her. She has a wry but genuine fondness for bums and is undoubtedly acquainted with more of them than any other person in the city. Each day she gives them between five and fifteen dollars in small change, which is a lot of money on the Bowery. "In my time I been as free with my dimes as old John D. himself," she says. Mazie has presided for twenty-one years over the ticket cage of the Venice Theatre, at 209 Park Row, a few doors west of Chatham Square, where the Bowery begins.

The Venice is a small, seedy moving-picture theatre, which opens at 8 A.M. and closes at midnight. It is a dime house. For this sum a customer sees two features, a newsreel, a cartoon, a short, and a serial episode. Serials are popular there; an old-fashioned, bloody one called "Deadwood Dick" is running currently. The Venice is not a "scratch house." In fact, it is highly esteemed by its customers, because its seats get a scrubbing three times a week. Mazie brags that it is as sanitary as the Paramount. "Nobody ever got loused up in the Venice," she says. On the Bowery, cheap movies rank just below cheap alcohol as an escape, and most bums are movie fans. In the clientele of the Venice they are numerous. The Venice is also frequented by people from the tenement neighborhoods in the vicinity of Chatham Square, such as Chinatown, the Little Italy on lower Mulberry Street, and the Spanish section on Cherry Street. Two-thirds of its customers are males. Children and most women sit in a reserved section under the eyes of a matron. Once, in an elegant mood, Mazie boasted that she never admits intoxicated persons. "When do you consider a person intoxicated?" she was asked. Mazie snickered. "When he has to get down on all fours and crawl," she said. In any case, there are drunks in practically every Venice audience. When the liquor in them dies down they become fretful and mumble to themselves, and during romantic pictures they make loud, utterly frank remarks to the actors on the screen, but by and large they are not as troublesome as a class of bums Mazie calls "the stiffs." These are the most listless of bums. They are blank-eyed and slow-moving, and they have no strong desire for anything but sleep. Some are able to doze while leaning against a wall, even in freezing weather. Many stiffs habitually go into the Venice early in the day and slumber in their seats until they are driven out at midnight. "Some days I don't know which this is, a movie-pitcher theatre or a flop-house," Mazie once remarked. "Other day I told the manager pitchers with shooting in them are bad for business. They wake up the customers."

Most Bowery movie houses employ bouncers. At the Venice, Mazie is the bouncer. She tells intimates that she feels fighting is unladylike but she considers it her duty to throw at least one customer out of the theatre every day. "If I didn't put my foot down, the customers would take the place," she says. "I don't get any fun out of fighting. I always lose my temper. When I start swinging, I taste blood, and I can't stop. Sometimes I get beside myself. Also, a lot of the bums are so weak they don't fight back, and that makes me feel like a heel." Mazie is small, but she is wiry and fearless, and she has a frightening voice. Her ticket cage is in the shadow of the tracks of the City Hall spur of the Second and Third Avenue elevated lines, and two decades of talking above the screeching of the trains have left her with a rasping bass, with which she can dominate men twice her size. Now and then, in the Venice, a stiff throws his head back and begins to snore so blatantly that he can be heard all over the place, especially during tense moments in the picture. When this happens, or when one of the drunks gets into a bellowing mood, the women and children in the reserved section stamp on the floor and chant, "Mazie! Mazie! We want Mazie!" The instant this chant goes up, the matron hastens out to the lobby and raps on the side window of Mazie's cage. Mazie locks the cash drawer, grabs a bludgeon she keeps around, made of a couple of copies of *True Romances* rolled up tightly and held together by rubber bands, and strides into the theatre. As she goes down the aisle, peering this way and that, women and children jump to their feet, point fingers in the direction of the offender, and cry, "There he is, Mazie! There he is!" Mazie gives the man a resounding whack on the head with her bludgeon and keeps on whacking until he seems willing to behave. Between blows, she threatens him with worse punishment. Her threats are fierce and not altogether coherent. "Outa here on a stretcher!" she yells. "Knock your eyeballs out! Big baboon! Every tooth in your head! Bone in your body!" The women and children enjoy this, particularly if Mazie gets the wrong man, as she sometimes does. In action, Mazie is an alarming sight. Her face becomes flushed, her hair flies every which way, and her slip begins to show. If a man defends himself or is otherwise contrary, she harries him out of his seat and drives him from the theatre. As he scampers up the aisle, with Mazie right behind him, whacking away, the women and children applaud.

Mazie's animosity toward a stiff or a drunk usually lasts until she has driven him out to the sidewalk. Then, almost invariably, she becomes contrite and apologetic. "Look, buddy, I'm sorry," she said one afternoon recently to a drunk she had chased out because he had been screaming "Sissy! Sissy!" at George Raft during the showing of a prison picture called "Each Dawn I Die." "If you didn't see the whole show," she continued, "you can go back in." "Hell, Mazie," said the drunk, "I seen it three times." "Here, then," she

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said, handing him a dime. "Go get yourself a drink." Although the drunk's ears were still red from Mazie's blows, he grinned. "You got a heart of gold, Mazie," he said. "You my sweetheart." "O.K., buddy," Mazie said, stepping back into the cage. "You quit acting like a god-damn jackass and I'll be your sweetheart."

THE Venice is a family enterprise. It is owned by Mazie and two sisters—Rosie, the widow of a horse-race gambler, and Jeanie, an acrobatic dancer. Mazie's sisters do not often show up at the Venice and she runs things to suit herself. She is profoundly uninterested in moving pictures and is seldom able to sit through one. "They make me sick," she says. Consequently, she employs a manager and leaves the selection and ordering of films entirely up to him. For a theatre of its class, the Venice is prosperous, and Mazie could afford to hire a ticket girl and take things easy, but she enjoys the job and will not relinquish it, as her sisters often urge her to do. From her cage she has a good view of Chatham Square, which is the favorite promenade of Bowery drunks and eccentrics. "The things I see, by God, you wouldn't believe it," she says proudly. When she catches sight of a person she knows among the passers-by, she sticks her face up to the round hole in the front window of her cage and shouts a greeting. Sometimes she discusses exceedingly personal matters with people out on the sidewalk. "Hey there, Squatty," she yelled one afternoon to a dreamy-eyed little man, "I thought you was in Bellevue." "I was, Mazie," the man said. "They turned me loose yesterday." "Where'd they put you this time—the drunk ward or the nut ward?" "I was in with the drunks this time." "How'd they treat you?" "They didn't do me no harm, I guess." "You get drunk last night, Squatty?" "Sure did." "Guess you had to celebrate." "Sure did." "Well, take care yourself, Squatty." "Thanks, Mazie. You do the same."

Sitting majestically in her cage like a raffish queen, Mazie is one of the few pleasant sights of the Bowery. She is a short, bosomy woman in her middle forties. Some people believe she has a blurry resemblance to Mae West. Her hair is the color of sulphur. Her face is dead white, and she wears a smudge of rouge the size of a silver dollar on each cheek. Her eyes are sleepy and droopy-lidded. On duty, she often wears a green celluloid eyeshade. She almost always has a cigarette hanging from a corner of her mouth, and this makes her look haughty. Like a movie croupier, she can smoke a cigarette down to the end and not take it from her mouth once, even while talking. She has a deep cigarette cough; she smokes three and a half packs a day and says tobacco is murdering her. On her right hand she wears four diamond rings. She likes vigorous colors, and her dresses are spectacular; they come from shops on Division Street. The glass-topped Bowery and Chinatown rubberneck wagons often park in front of the Venice, and now and then a band of sightseers stand on the sidewalk and stare at Mazie. She despises sightseers and says they give the Bowery a black eye. Sometimes she thumbs her nose at them. Actually, however, she does not mind being stared at. "People walk past here just to give me the eye," she once said. "I got a public of my own, just like a god-damn movie-pitcher star."

Mazie is a talkative woman, and on most subjects she is exceedingly frank, but she rarely says anything about her private life, and some people on the Bowery consider her a mystery woman. A man who had been stopping by to chat with her several times a week for years suddenly realized recently that he did not know whether she was Miss or Mrs. Gordon. "You ever been married, Mazie?" he asked. "That's for me to know, you to find out," she said sharply. A moment later she added, "I'll ask you this. Do I look and act like a girl that never had a date?" People around Chatham Square believe, among other things, that she was a belly dancer in the Hurtig & Seamon burlesque houses when she was a young woman, which isn't true. They claim, with not much relevance, that she gives her spare money to bums because she was once disappointed in a love affair. Furthermore, they believe she was born in Chinatown. Actually, she is a native of Boston, a fact which gives her a lot of satisfaction. Every winter she takes a week off and spends it in Boston, just walking around. She believes the people of Boston are superior to the people elsewhere. One night last winter a blind-drunk bum stumbled into an "L" pillar in front of the Venice, skinning his nose, and she rushed out and dragged him into her lobby. Then she went into a nearby saloon and yelled, "Gimme some hot water and a clean rag!" "You want to take a bath, Mazie?" asked the bartender. This remark enraged her. "Don't you talk like that to me,

"Baby Bear is sixty-five, Mamma Bear is seventy-five, and Papa Bear is eighty-five cents."

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you yellow-bellied jerk," she said. "I come from Boston, and I'm a lady."

MAZIE says her real name is Mazie Phillips, but she will not tell anything about her parents. Her intimates say that around 1903, when she was a schoolgirl in Boston, her older sister, Rosie, came to New York and married Louis Gordon, an East Side gambler and promoter. They established a home on Grand Street, and a few years later Mazie and her younger sister, Jeanie, came to live with them. The family of Belle Baker, the vaudeville singer, lived nearby on Chrystie Street. Irving Becker, Belle's brother, now the manager of the road company of "Tobacco Road," once had a job loading rifles in a shooting gallery Gordon operated at Grand Street and the Bowery. "We and the Gordons were great friends," Becker said recently. "Louie Gordon was as fine a gambler as the East Side ever produced. He was a big, stately gentleman and he gave to the poor, and the bankroll he carried a billy goat couldn't swallow it. He hung around race tracks, but he would gamble on anything. He made a lot of money on horses and invested it in Coney Island. He and his brother, Leo, helped back the original Luna Park, which opened in 1903. He was one of those silent gamblers. He never said nothing about himself. He gave everybody a fair shake, and he didn't have a thing to hide, but he just never said nothing about himself. All the Gordons were that way."

In 1914, Gordon opened a moving-picture theatre in a building he owned on Park Row, naming it the Venice, after an Italian restaurant in Coney Island whose spaghetti he liked. After operating it four years, he found that it kept him away from the tracks and he gave it to Rosie, who had been working in the ticket cage. The next year he sold his Bowery shooting gallery, in which, for several months, Mazie had been running a candy-and-root-beer concession. Rosie did not like selling tickets, so Mazie took her job. Around this time, Mazie began calling herself Mazie Gordon. She will not explain why she took her brother-in-law's name. "That's my business," she says. The Gordons left Grand Street in the early twenties, moving to a house on Surf Avenue in Coney. Mazie continued to live with them. Louis was away much of the time, following the horses. Mazie says that once, after a good season in Saratoga, he gave her a Stutz which, with accessories, cost $5,000. She used to ride down to Coney in the Stutz every night after work; one of the ushers at the Venice was her chauffeur. In October, 1932, Louis fell dead of a heart attack at the Empire City race track. Four years ago, Mazie and her sisters left Coney and returned to the East Side, taking an apartment together in Knickerbocker Village, four blocks from the Venice. They live quietly. Rosie, a taciturn, sad-eyed woman, looks after property left by her husband. Besides her interest in the Venice, this property includes a number of lots along the boardwalk in Coney and an ancient red-brick tenement at 9 James Street, a block from the Venice. This tenement has sixteen cold-water flats, all occupied by unmarried Chinese men. Jeanie, a pretty, brawny young woman, boasts that she has gone to the West Coast and back ten times while working as an acrobatic dancer. She says she is at present waiting for vaudeville to return. Now and then she spells Mazie in the cage at the Venice.

"I want you to go right back outside and call him a monkey-face."

MAZIE'S hours would kill most women. She works seven days a week, seldom taking a day off, and is usually on duty from 9:30 A.M. until 11 P.M. Her cage is not much more spacious than a telephone booth, but she long ago learned how to make herself comfortable in it. She sits on two thick pillows in a swivel chair and wears bedroom slippers. In summer she keeps an electric fan, aimed upward, on the floor, replacing it in winter with an electric heater. When the weather is especially cold she brings her dog, Fluffy, an old, wheezy Pomeranian bitch, to the theatre. She lets Fluffy sleep in her lap, and this keeps both of them warm. Mazie makes change as automatically as she breathes, and she finds time for many domestic chores while on duty. She mends clothes, puts red polish on her fingernails, reads a little, and occasionally spends half an hour or so cleaning her diamonds with a scrap of chamois skin. On rainy days she sends out for her meals, eating them right in the cage. She uses the marble change counter for a table. Once, hunched over a plate of roast-beef hash, she looked up and said to a visitor, "I do light housekeeping in here." When she gets thirsty she sends an usher across the street to the King Kong Bar & Grill for a cardboard container of beer. She used to keep a bottle of Canadian whiskey, which she calls "smoke," hidden in her cash drawer, but since an appendix operation a year and a half ago she has limited herself to celery tonic and beer.

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"Shh! He's asleep."

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There are two cluttered shelves on one wall of her cage. On the bottom shelf are a glass jar of "jawbreakers," a kind of hard candy which she passes out to children, a clamshell that serves as an ashtray, a hind leg of a rabbit, a stack of paper towels, and a box of soap. When a bum with an exceptionally grimy face steps up to buy a ticket, Mazie places a towel and a cake of soap before him and says, "Look, buddy, I'll make a bargain with you. If you'll take this and go in the gents' room and wash your face, I'll let you in free." Few bums are offended by this offer; most of them accept willingly. Occasionally she gives one fifteen cents and sends him to a barber college on Chatham Square for a shave and a haircut. If she is in a good humor, Mazie will admit a bum free without much argument. However, she says she can tell a bum by the look in his eyes, and ordinary citizens who have heard of her generosity and try to get passed in outrage her. "If you haven't got any money," she tells such people, "go steal a watch."

On Mazie's top shelf is a pile of paper-backed books, which includes "Old Gipsy Nan's Fortune Teller and Dream Book," "Prince Ali Five Star Dream Book," and "Madame Fu Futtam's Spiritual Magical Dream Book." Mazie is deeply interested in dreams, although at times she seems a little ashamed of it. "A dream just means you et something that didn't agree with you," she sometimes says, rather defiantly. Nevertheless, she makes a practice of remembering them and spends hours hunting through her books for satisfactory interpretations. Also on her top shelf are a rosary, some back numbers of a religious periodical called the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and a worn copy of "Spiritual Reflections for Sisters," by the Reverend Charles J. Mullaly, S.J., which she borrowed from an Italian nun, one of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, who conduct a school in Chinatown. Lately Mazie has been reading a page of this book every day. She says that she understands hardly any of it but that reading it makes her feel good. Mazie is not a Catholic; she is Jewish, but she has been entranced by Roman Catholicism for many years. One of her oldest friends in the neighborhood is Monsignor William E. Cashin, rector of St. Andrew's, the little church back of the Municipal Building. She frequently shows up for the Night Workers' Mass, which is said every Sunday at 2:30 A.M. in St. Andrew's by Monsignor Cashin. She sits in a middle pew with her head bowed. Surrounded by policemen, firemen, scrubwomen, telephone girls, nurses, printers, and similar night workers who regularly attend the mass, she feels at home. On the way out she always slips a dollar bill into the poor box. Now and then she calls on the Monsignor and has a long talk with him, and whenever he takes a walk on the Bowery he pauses at her cage and passes the time of day.

Mazie also knows two mothers superior quite well. The rosary she keeps in her cage is a present from the Sisters of Our Lady of Christian Doctrine, who run Madonna House, a settlement on Cherry Street. Sister Margaret, the superior there, has known Mazie for years and has made an attempt to understand her. "On the Bowery it's probably an asset to have a reputation for toughness," Sister Margaret once told a friend, "and I'm afraid Mazie tries to give people the worst possible impression of herself, just for self-protection. She isn't really tough. At heart, she's good and kind. We can always count on her for help. A few weeks ago there was a fire in an Italian tenement near here. One of the families in it had a new baby. It was late at night and we didn't know exactly how to help them. Two of the sisters went to Mazie, and she came right down and found the family a new flat and gave the mother some money." Mazie's favorite saint is St. John Bosco. There is a statue of him in a niche in the steeple of the weatherbeaten Church of the Transfiguration in Chinatown. At night the saint can be clearly seen by the light of the galaxy of neon signs on the chop-suey joints which surround the church. When she passes through Mott Street, Mazie looks up at the saint and crosses herself. "I asked a sister once if it was O.K. for me to give myself a cross, and she told me it was," Mazie says.

Mazie became interested in Catholicism in the winter of 1920. A drug addict on Mulberry Street, a prostitute with two small daughters, came to her cage one night and asked for help. The woman said her children were starving. "I knew this babe was a junky," Mazie says, "and I followed her home just to see was she lying about her kids. She had two kids all right, and they were starving in this crummy little room. I tried to get everybody to do something—the cops, the Welfare, the so-called missions on the Bowery that the Methodists run or whatever to hell they are. But all these people said the girl was a junky. That excused them from lifting a hand. So I seen two nuns on the street, and they went up there with me. Between us, we got the woman straightened out. I liked the nuns. They seemed real human. Ever since then I been interested in the Cat'lic Church."

Mazie does not spend much time at home, so she encourages people to visit her while she is working. Her visitors stand around in the lobby at the rear door of her cage. She frequently gets so interested in a caller that she swings completely around in her swivel chair and presents her back to customers, who have to shout and rap on the window before she will turn and sell them tickets. In the morning, practically all of her visitors are bums with hangovers who come to her, scratching themselves and twitching, and ask for money with which to get their first drinks of the day. She passes out dimes regularly to about twenty-five of these men. Because of this, she is disliked by many of the hard-shell evangelists who hold hymn-singings in the gutters of the Bowery every evening. One of them, a grim, elderly woman, came to the cage not long ago

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and shook a finger at Mazie. "We sacrifice our nights to come down here and encourage these unfortunates to turn over a new leaf," she said. "Then you give them money and they begin using intoxicants all over again." When Mazie is faced with such a situation, she makes irrelevant or vulgar remarks until the complainant leaves. On this occasion she leaned forward and said, "Par'n me, Madam, but it sounds like your guts are growling. What you need is a beer."

Few of the men to whom Mazie gives money for eye-openers are companionable. They take her dimes with quivering fingers, mutter a word of thanks, and hurry off. Two of them, however, invariably linger a while. They have become close friends of Mazie's. One is a courtly old Irishman named Pop, and the other is an addled, sardonic little man who says he is a poet and whom Mazie calls Eddie Guest. She says she likes Pop because he is so cheerful and Eddie Guest because he is so sad. "I come from a devout family of teetotallers," Pop once said. "They was thirteen in the family, and they called me the weakling because I got drunk on Saturday nights. Well, they're all under the sod. Woodrow Wilson was President when the last one died, and I'm still here drinking good liquor and winking at the pretty girls. It would take the U. S. Army to kill me, and by God, Mazie, the Army'd have to work overtime." "That's right, Pop," Mazie said. Pop works bus stops. He approaches people waiting on corners for a bus and asks for a nickel with which to get uptown or downtown, as the case may be. When he gets a nickel, he touches his hat and hurries off to the next bus stop. At night he sings ballads in Irish gin mills on Third Avenue. Mazie thinks he has a beautiful baritone, and every morning, in return for her dime, he favors her with two or three ballads. Her favorites—she hums them—are "Whiskey, You're the Divil," "The Garden Where the Praties Grow," "Tiddly-Aye-Aye for the One-Eyed Reilly," and "The Widow McGinnis's Pig." Sometimes Pop dances a jig on the tiled floor of the lobby. "Pop's a better show than I got inside," Mazie says on these occasions.

Eddie Guest is a gloomy, defeated, ex-Greenwich Village poet who has been around the Bowery off and on for eight or nine years. He mutters poetry to himself constantly and is taken to Bellevue for observation about once a year. He carries all his possessions in a greasy beach bag and sleeps in flophouses, never staying in one two nights in succession, because, he says, he doesn't want his enemies to know where he is. During the day he wanders in and out of various downtown branches of the Public Library. At the Venice one night last winter he saw "The River," the moving picture in which the names of the tributaries of the Mississippi were made into a poem. When he came out, he stopped at Mazie's cage, spread his arms, and recited the names of many of the walk-up hotels on the Bowery. "The Alabama Hotel, the Comet, and the Uncle Sam House," he said, in a declamatory voice, "the Dandy, the Defender, the Niagara, the Owl, the Victoria House and the Grand Windsor Hotel, the Houston, the Mascot, the Palace, the Progress, the Palma House and the White House Hotel, the Newport, the Crystal, the Lion and the Marathon. All flophouses. All on the Bowery. Each and all my home, sweet home." For some reason, Mazie thought this was extraordinarily funny. Now, each morning, in order to get a dime, Eddie Guest is obliged to recite this chant for her. It always causes her to slap her right thigh, throw her head back, and guffaw. Both Eddie Guest and Mazie can be grimly and rather pointlessly amused by the signs over flophouse entrances and by the bills of fare lettered in white on the windows of pig-snout restaurants. When Mazie passes the Victoria House and sees its sign, "ROOMS WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS, 30c," or when she looks at the window of the Greek's on Chatham Square, "Snouts with French fry Pots & coffee, T, or buttermilk, 10c," she always snickers. Mazie has considerable respect for Eddie Guest but thinks he is kidding when he calls himself a poet. Once he read to her part of a completely unintelligible poem about civilization in the United States, on which he says he has been working for twenty years and which he calls "No Rags, No Bones, No Bottles Today." "If that's a poem," Mazie said when he had finished, "I'm Mrs. Simpson."

Mazie's afternoon visitors are far more respectable than the morning

"I want to look at toys, cosmetics, neckties, lingerie, and men's lounging robes. Would you mind making out an itinerary for me?"

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"Don't you love Christmas, Nora, and all it implies?"

Sure, Nora loves Christmas. We all love Christmas. But as to some of the things Christmas stands for in Nora's life, her emotions are quite indescribable. The less said the better.

But when December comes, and the holidays, and the Blessed Yuletide, a thing that Nora loves to see is the way the family go for soup. The soups they go for are Campbell's Soups. Soup for comforting suppers on busy shopping days, soup to start dinner when there's company coming, soup to nourish ravenous youngsters rushing in from holiday play. Most often of all it's tomato soup. That one they seem to like best.

Sure, Nora loves Christmas. And she loves the family for loving Campbell's Soups, tomato soup best of all. This is her busy day, and what a relief to fix in a few minutes two or three cans of Campbell's Tomato Soup in the big tureen to start off Christmas dinner.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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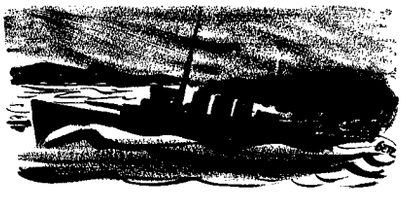
ones. The people who stopped by to talk with her between noon and 6 P.M. one Saturday this fall included Monsignor Cashin, Fannie Hurst, two detectives from the Oak Street station, a flashily dressed young Chinese gambler whom Mazie calls Fu Manchu and who is a power in Tze Far, the Chinatown version of the numbers lottery; two nuns from Madonna House, who wanted to thank her for buying a phonograph for the girls' club at their settlement; a talkative girl from Atlanta, Georgia, called Bingo, once a hostess in a Broadway taxi-dance hall and now the common-law wife of the chef of a chop-suey restaurant on Mott Street; the bartender of a Chatham Square saloon, who asked her to interpret a dream for him; and the clerk of a flophouse, who came to tell her that a bum named Tex had hanged himself in the washroom the night before. When she was told about Tex, Mazie nodded sagely and said, as she always does when she hears about the death of someone she has known, "Well, we all got to go sooner or later. You can't live forever. When your number's up, rich or poor, you got to go." Most of the visitors on that afternoon happened to be old friends of Mazie's. Miss Hurst, for example, she has known for eleven years. She calls her Fannie and likes to tell about their first meeting.

"One night," she says, "a swell-looking dame came to my cage and said she often took walks on the Bowery and would like to meet me. She said her name was Fannie Hurst. 'Pleased to meet you, Fannie,' I said. 'My name is Mary Pickford.' It turned out she really was Fannie Hurst. At first I thought she was going to put me in a book, and I didn't go for her. Since she promised not to write no books about me, we been pals." Miss Hurst visits Mazie frequently. Each time she comes, Mazie looks at her dress, fingers the material, asks how much it cost, tells her she got gypped, and advises her to try one of the shops on Division Street. Miss Hurst does not mind this. "I admire Mazie," she said. "She is the most compassionate person I've ever known. No matter how filthy or drunk or evil-smelling a bum may be, she treats him as an equal." Until recently, Miss Hurst occasionally took friends down to meet Mazie. "I'm afraid they looked on her as just another Bowery curiosity," she says. "So I don't take people down any more. I used to invite Mazie to parties at my house. She always accepted but never came. I think she's still a little suspicious of me, although I've never written a line about her and never intend to. I simply look upon her as a friend."

From callers like Fu Manchu and Bingo, Mazie hears considerable gossip about the sleazy underworld of Chinatown. She says she never repeats such gossip, not even to her sisters. Detectives know that she has many Chinese friends and sometimes stop at her cage and ask apparently innocent questions about them; she shrugs her shoulders and says, "No spik English." In general, however, she coöperates with the police. Drunken tourists often come down to Bowery joints to see life, and when she notices them stumbling around Chatham Square she telephones the Oak Street station. "Such dopes are always getting rolled by bums," she says. "I got no sympathy for out-of-towners, but bums are the clumsiest thieves in the world. They always get caught, and it's best to get temptation out of their way." Although her language frequently shocks the Oak Street cops, they admire Mazie. Detective Kain, for instance, says that she has "the roughest tongue and the softest heart in the Third Precinct." "She knows this neighborhood like a farmer knows his farm," he says. "I believe she's got the second sight. If anything out of the way is happening anywhere along the Bowery, she senses it."

Detective Kain has for some time been trying to solve a mystery in which Mazie is involved. Mazie has a telephone in her booth, of course, and in June, 1929, a man whose voice she did not recognize began calling her daily at 5 P.M., asking for a date or making cryptic remarks, such as "They got the road closed, Mazie. They won't let nobody through." After three months he stopped calling. Then, around Christmas of the following year, he began again. He has been calling intermittently ever since. "I won't hear from him for maybe six months," Mazie says. "Then, one day around five, the phone will ring and this voice will say, 'All the clocks have stopped running' or 'Mazie, they cut down the big oak tree' or some other dopey remark. He never says more than a few words, and when I say something he hangs right up. Somehow, I get to feeling he's across the street in a booth. The worst thing is I suspect every stranger that buys a ticket. I strike up conversations with strangers just to see if I can find one who talks like him. I think he's trying to drive me crazy." Among her friends, Mazie refers to her caller as The Man. If she has visitors around five o'clock and the telephone rings, she says, "Pick up the receiver and see what The Man has to say this time." Fannie Hurst once listened. "It was macabre," she said. Detective Kain has listened often, has warned the man, and has tried vainly to trace the calls. Mazie's number has been changed repeatedly, but that does no good.



MAZIE closes her cage shortly after 11 P.M., when the final show is under way, and goes to an all-night diner near Brooklyn Bridge, where she glances through the *Daily News* while having a couple of cups of coffee and a honey bun. The only things in the *News* that she regularly reads from beginning to end are the comics, the "Voice of the People," and "The Inquiring Fotographer." Stories about the international situation bore her. "The world is all bitched up," she says. "Always was, always will be." She spends half an hour in the diner. Then, practically every night, before going home to bed, she makes a Samaritan tour of the Bowery and its environs. She carries an umbrella and a large handbag, which contains a flashlight, a number of cakes of soap of the size found in hotel bathrooms, and a supply of nickels, dimes, and quarters.

If it is a cold night, she goes first to an alley near the steps leading to the footwalk of Manhattan Bridge. Bums like to keep fires going in discarded oil drums in this alley. She distributes some change. Then she inspects Columbus Park, a block west of Chatham Square, where every winter a few bums pass out on benches and die of exposure. The police say Mazie has rescued scores of men in this park. Then, passing through Chinatown, she returns to the Bowery and heads uptown, pausing whenever she recognizes a bum and giving him enough money for a meal, a drink, or a flop. Frequently, in addition to small change, she gives a bum a cake of soap. "*Please* use it, buddy," she says pleadingly. Here and there she gets out her flashlight and peers into a doorway. She pays particular attention to the drunken or exhausted bums who sleep in doorways, on loading platforms, and on sidewalks. She always tries to arouse them and stake them to flops. In warm weather, if they don't seem disposed to stir, she leaves them where they are. "A sidewalk is about as nice as a

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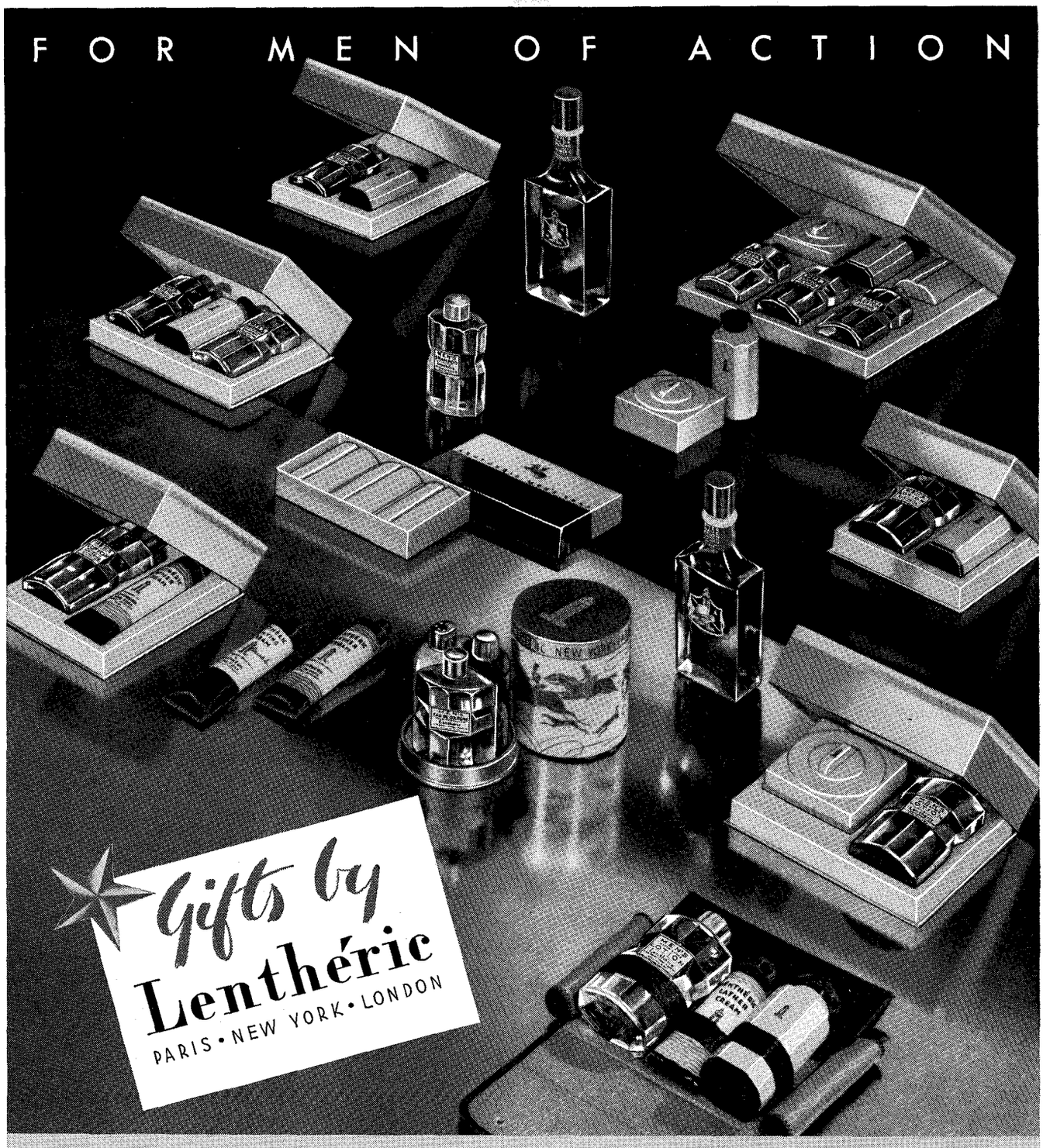

TOP ROW—*Left to Right:*

Gift Set, Ivory-tone container of After-Shave Powder, 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, and Men's Soap . . . **$2.00**

"High Hat Decanter," (8-oz.) of Eau de Cologne or After-Shave Lotion. **$2.50**

Master Gift Set, 5-oz. pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne and Scalp Stimulant; Ivory-tone Bowl of Shaving Soap, matching container of After-Shave Powder, and Men's Soap. **$5.00**

SECOND ROW—*Left to Right:*

Gift Set, 5-oz. pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion and Eau de Cologne; and Ivory-tone container of After-Shave Powder **$2.75**

Men's Shampoo, in 5-oz. pinch-bottle. **$1.00**

. . . and below it . . .

Men's Toilet Soap, 3 cakes . . . . . **75¢**

Shaving Soap, in Ivory-tone Bowl. **$1.00**

After-Shave Powder, in matching container . . . . . **75¢**

Gift Set, 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, and Ivory-tone container of After-Shave Powder **$1.75**

THIRD ROW—*Left to Right:*

Gift Shaving Set, Lather Shaving Cream, and 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion **$1.50**

Shaving Cream, Lather or Brushless **50¢**

"The Three Musketeers," 3-oz. pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne, and Quinine Hair Lotion or After-Shave Powder **$1.95**

"High Hat Decanter," (16-oz.) of After-Shave Lotion or Eau de Cologne . . . **$4.00**

Gift Set, Ivory-tone Bowl of Shaving Soap, and 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion **$2.00**

. . . and below it . . .

Leather Travel Kit, fitted with Lather Shaving Cream, 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, and Ivory-tone container of After-Shave Powder **$2.75**

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"A ROARING MUSICAL." *Atkinson, Times*
ETHEL MERMAN in
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Evenings at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
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A New Comedy by IRWIN SHAW
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BOYS & GIRLS TOGETHER
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BROADHURST Thea., W. 44 St. CI 6-6699. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed., Sat. & Dec. 26. $1.10 to $2.75

"Could not be better produced or acted"
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DELICATE STORY
By FERENC MOLNAR
with EDNA BEST
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 W. 43d St.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. BRy. 9-3970

flophouse cot in the summertime," she says. "You may get up stiff, but you won't get up crummy." In the winter, however, she badgers them until they awaken. She punches them in the ribs with her umbrella and, if necessary, gets down on her knees and slaps their faces. "When a bum is sleeping off his load, you could saw off his leg and he wouldn't notice nothing," she says. Sometimes a bum who has been awakened by Mazie tries to take a poke at her. When this happens, she assumes a spraddle-legged stance, like a fencer, and jabs the air viciously with her umbrella. "Stand back," she cries, "or I'll put your eyes out." If a man is too weak, sodden, or spiritless to get up, Mazie grabs his elbows and heaves him to his feet. Holding him erect, she guides him to the nearest flophouse and pulls and pushes him up the stairs to the lobby. She pays the clerk for the man's lodging (thirty cents is the customary price) and insists on his having at least two blankets. Then, with the help of the clerk or the bouncer, she takes off the man's shoes, unbuttons his collar, loosens his belt, and puts him to bed with his clothes on. This is usually a tumultuous process, and sometimes many of the lodgers are awakened. They stick their heads out of the doors of their cubicles. "It's Mazie!" they shout. "Hello, Mazie!" Now and then an emotional bum will walk out in his underwear and insist on shaking Mazie's hand. "God bless you, Mazie, old girl!" he will cry. Mazie does not approve of such antics. "Go back to bed, you old goat," she says. If she is acquainted with the clerk and trusts him, she leaves some change with him and asks that it be given to the bum when he wakes up. Flophouses are for-men-only establishments, and Mazie is the only female who has ever crossed the threshold of many of them.

At least a couple of times a week, Mazie finds injured men lying in the street. On these occasions she telephones Police Headquarters and asks for an ambulance from Gouverneur or Beekman Street, the hospitals which take care of most Bowery cases. She knows many of the drivers from these hospitals by name and orders them around. Police say she summons more ambulances than any other private citizen in town, and she is proud of this. "I don't overdo it," she says. "Unless a man is all stove-up and bloody, I don't put in a call, but if I had my way, the wagons would be rolling all night long. There's hardly a bum on the Bowery who don't belong in a hospital."

On her walk, Mazie usually tries to

CENTER THEATRE
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"A PRODUCTION OF MODERN ENCHANTMENTS"—*ATKINSON, TIMES*
"IT HAPPENS ON ICE"
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with 100 world-renowned skating stars and JOE COOK
Evgs. incl. Sun., $1.10 to $2.75. Wed. & Sat. Mats., $1.10 to $2.20. No Monday Perfs. Unreserved 75c seats on sale each perf. when doors open. 4 Mats. Xmas Wk. & New Year's Eve. Midnight perf.

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by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART
GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE
ERNEST TRUEX · JEAN DIXON · DUDLEY DIGGES
LYCEUM THEATRE, W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Xmas Week Matinees—Wed., Thurs. & Sat.
"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
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S. HUROK presents The Original
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Evenings including Sunday, 8:30—$1.10 to $3.85
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"By all means go and see it" —*Whipple, World Tele.*
Herman Shumlin presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE *in*
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
A play by Emlyn Williams
Directed by Mr. Shumlin
NATIONAL Theatre. 41 St., W. of B'way. PE 6-8220
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Extra Holiday Mats. Thurs., Dec. 26 & Jan. 2

"A glowing job of acting"—Winchell
HELEN CRAIG in
THE "TALK OF THE TOWN" HIT
JOHNNY BELINDA
"Masterful, compelling."—*Whipple, W.-Tel.*
LONGACRE TH. 48 ST. W. OF B'WAY. CI 6-6454
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AL JOLSON
in his New Musical
HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS
MARTHA RAYE · JACK WHITING · BERT GORDON
SHUBERT THEA. W. 44th ST. CI. 6-5990. Eves. 8:30
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With JOSÉ FERRER
CORT TH., 48th St., E. of B'way
BR 9-0046. Evgs. 8:40. 55c to $3.30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

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2nd YEAR
LIFE WITH FATHER
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TWICE DAILY at 2:40 & 8:40
ALL SEATS RESERVED
BROADWAY THEATRE
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THIS PICTURE CANNOT BE SHOWN IN ANY OTHER THEATRE WITHIN 100 MILES OF N.Y.

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ANNA NEAGLE
"NO, NO, NANETTE"
An RKO Radio Picture
GALA CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW—traditional pageant of "The Nativity" and sparkling Russell Markert revue. Symphony Orchestra.
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved Circle 6-4600

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NOW SHOWING
Clark GABLE • Hedy LAMARR
"COMRADE X"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Theatre Tickets

If you can't use your theatre tickets . . . . please send them to the Lighthouse, 111 East 59th Street, who will distribute them to the blind of our city who love a good show. Tickets can be sent up to four P. M. of the day of the performance. The telephone number is VOlunteer 5-2200, Extension 25.

The Woman's Executive Committee of The New York Association for the Blind, Mrs. George F. Baker, Chairman, Mrs. Dewees W. Dilworth, Co-Chairman.

steer clear of other well-known nocturnal Bowery characters. Among these are the Widow Woman and the Crybaby. The Crybaby is an old mission bum who sits on the curb for hours with his feet in the gutter, sobbing brokenly. Once Mazie nudged him on the shoulder and asked, "What's the matter with you?" "I committed the unforgivable sin," he said. Mazie asked him what the sin consisted of, and he began a theological description of it which she didn't understand and which she interrupted after a few minutes, remarking, "Hell, Crybaby, you didn't commit no sin. You just prob'ly got the stomach ulsters." The Widow Woman is a bent, whining crone who wears a mourning veil, a Queen Mary hat, and a rusty black coat, and comes hobbling down the Bowery around midnight giving bums little slips of paper on which are scribbled such statements as "God is love" and "The fires of Hell will burn forever." Mazie is afraid of her. "The Widow Woman gives me the creeps," she says. "She walks like a woman and she dresses like a woman, but when she talks I get the feeling that she's a man."

Most nights, before going home to bed, which is usually around two o'clock, Mazie makes brief stops in several saloons and all-night restaurants. She does not mind the reek of stale beer, greasy cabbage, and disinfectant in them. "After you been around the Bowery a few years, your nose gets all wore out," she says. She goes into these places not to eat or drink but to gossip with bartenders and countermen and to listen to the conversation of drunken bums. She has found that bums do not talk much about sex, sports, politics, or business, the normal saloon topics. She says most of them are far too undernourished to have any interest in sex. They talk, instead, about what big shots they were before they hit the Bowery. Although their stories fascinate her, Mazie is generally cynical. "To hear them tell it," she says, "all the bums on the Bowery were knocking off millions down in Wall Street when they were young, else they were senators, else they were the general manager of something real big, but, poor fellers, the most of them they wasn't ever nothing but drunks."

—JOSEPH MITCHELL

•

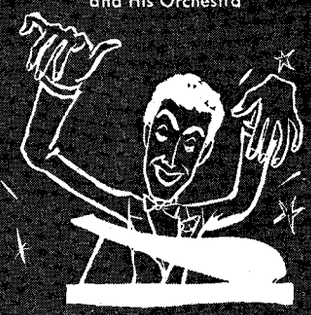
FINAL DIVORCE DECREES

Rose Levy vs. Isadore Levy.

Southern National Bank vs. A. W. Easter.—*Clearwater (Fla.) Evening Sun.*

Non-support?

EDDY DUCHIN
and His Orchestra



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ROSARIO & ANTONIO
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Luncheon and Dinner
Music by MISCHA BORR
★
No cover charge for Dinner patrons of either Room who desire to remain for Supper-Dancing and Entertainment in the Empire Room
The Waldorf-Astoria
Reserve Now for New Year's Eve!

One of Brooks Brothers' Christmas Suggestions
ENGLISH BRIAR PIPES
$6.50 to $14.50
ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
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RESTAURANT FRANÇAIS
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extend
Greetings of the Season
to their many patrons who contribute to the success of
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Van's
HAWAIIAN MACADAMIA NUTS
new DELICIOUS and INTRIGUING
RICH IN VITAMIN "B1"
ELMER G. LETERMAN, 30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, N.Y.C.

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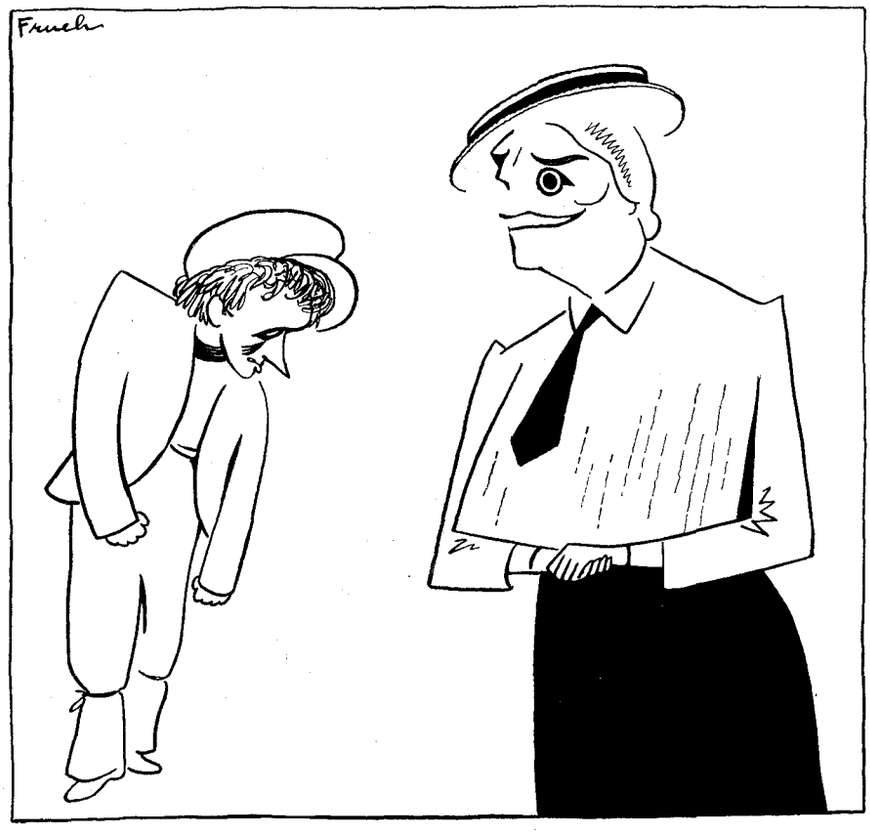
THE THEATRE

BRIEF RETURN OF THE NATIVE

THE pleasure of seeing Lee Tracy back on the stage after too many years in Hollywood and Mexico must have blinded me to most of the defects in "Every Man for Himself," because I rather liked the darn thing. It is true as charged, I guess, that its author occasionally mistook violent and confused action for comedy, and that Mr. Tracy's lines by no means resembled those he recited in "The Front Page" or "Broadway." Nevertheless, considered sheerly as entertainment, it struck me as about twice as much fun as, for instance, Mr. Molnár's far too accurately named "Delicate Story" or that unaccountable survival called "Separate Rooms." Compared with those three other efforts to give us the lowdown on the moving-picture business, of course, it was a serene and lofty masterpiece.

It is hard to say in retrospect just exactly what "Every Man for Himself" was about. There was a beautiful girl in it, who was pursued by a polo-playing producer, a visiting gunman patterned after the late Dutch Schultz, and Mr. Tracy himself. In addition to these, there was a sound-effects man with a pregnant wife, a Hollywood real-estate agent, a little boy with a cap pistol, and nine or ten other characters at least as peculiar. All of them spent the evening shouting, brandishing guns, or simply running in and out of the innumerable doors (one thing I *have* learned from my recent sufferings is that houses out in the Goldwyn country average about ten doors to the room). What they were up to was often baffling and sometimes just silly, but I wasn't seriously inconvenienced, because there was always Mr. Tracy to watch. Disguised as a scenario writer just getting over a five-day bender, he was in furious motion from the first curtain to the last. The long years, I am happy to say, have not impaired Mr. Tracy's spectacular energy—he can still leap around the stage as lightly as a mountain goat or a ballet dancer, his voice has lost none of its old rasp, and his gestures are as abundant and picturesque as they ever were. In a way, he reminds me of another great admiration of mine, the colored prizefighter called Henry Armstrong, who also believes that the customers are entitled to plenty of action for their money.

The rest of the cast, which included Margaret Tallichet, Wally Maher, and Grant Richards, did its best to keep up with the extraordinary pace of the star's performance, but it was uphill work. Occasionally, in fact, they gave the effect of operating in slow motion. It seems a pity to me that "Every Man for Himself" had to vanish so abruptly. A good roughhouse farce never hurt anybody, and Mr. Tracy is certainly something we ought to keep around town.



"THE CORN IS GREEN"

Ethel Barrymore is trying to convince Richard Waring that he doesn't want to be a coal miner all his life, but he seems to have his doubts. Emlyn Williams' play is at the National.

IT is probably impossible to give you any suggestion of the quality of the production of "King Lear" which popped up last Saturday night under the auspices of the New School for Social Research, but I will do my best. The scene opened with two young men with very few clothes on, fighting on top of a revolving object something like a gun turret on a battleship. This, however, apparently had nothing to do with "Lear" and may well have been, as my neighbor remarked, merely the registered trademark of the New School, like the M-G-M lion. Anyway, they killed one another, and Mr. Shakespeare's little piece got going. The Fool was dressed in a sort of modified dinner jacket, like our Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and carried a Charlie McCarthy doll; the soldiers in attendance on the various principals wore ski suits with big "L"s for Lear and "G"s for Gloucester sewed on the front; Sam Jaffe, as the King, wandered among the audience, going crazy, and so did several other members of the cast; somewhat sheepish young women appeared with signs to tell you where the action was supposed to be taking place, since there was no scenery except the gun turret; and the whole thing, finally, was said to have some reference to the problems of today, but what it was was too hard for me. A note in the program announced that "The discussion on tonight's performance will take place in the auditorium fifteen minutes after the end of the performance," and probably everything was cleared up there. I'm sorry to say I couldn't wait. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

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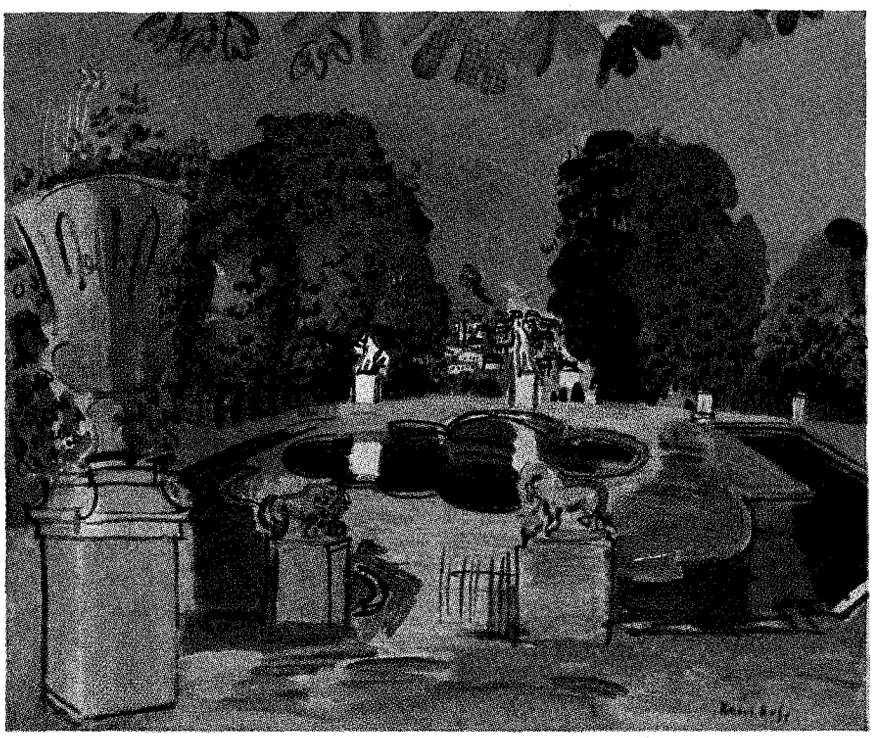
Thought for the future

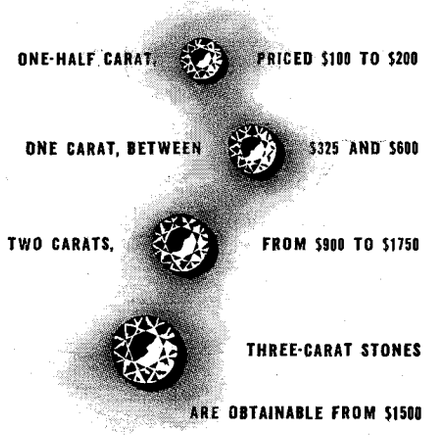
"I'll make it up to her, someday." So thinks each man who marries with modest means—seeing for the first time the gay, brave spirit with which a woman in love can face the world. * Tenderly, and with some humility, he plans the treasures with which he will someday surround her. Visions of stately houses—of broad, sun-dappled lawns and sweeping gardens, of furs and shining cars and jewels—delight his dreaming. All for her—someday. * He does not reckon, in



PAINTING BY RAOUL DUFY, FROM THE DE BEERS COLLECTION

his high state of hope, that there are some things that, neglected now, can never be made up in later life. Not in many a month of somedays. Not in the accomplishment of all his plans for time to come. * His engagement diamond is such a gesture. No other ring given in later years can ever hold its precious significance for both of them. Given unworthily, foregone in a sweet gesture of self-sacrifice, it can never be replaced—for in its shining light is stored the treasure of their hearts. * A man must select this stone for his lifetime, to the measure of all the hopes he plans to realize. Color, fine cutting, and absence of imperfections are as important as actual size in its lasting value. (A trusted merchant should be patronized, naturally.) For he is making—now—one of the most important purchases of all his journey through the world. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and Associated Companies.

Current Prices of Unmounted Quality Diamonds. (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Size alone does not determine values. Purity, color and excellence of cutting affect the price. Many reliable jewelers will arrange payments for fine stones over an extended period.


ONE-HALF CARAT, PRICED $100 TO $200
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Today and Tomorrow
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ONWARD & UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

FT, WU, AND GTG

WHEN Samuel Morse, the inventor of telegraphy, wired the first awesome message, "What hath God wrought!," from Washington to Baltimore in 1844, his was a lonely triumph. One sighs to think of the great man unrewarded in his supreme hour by a single Congratulatory Telegram or Pep Message via Western Union or Postal Telegraph. Not for him Pep Message No. 1355, "Can't you hear us cheering? The crowd is with you," or 728, "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight when you come home a winner. Good luck to you," or 1359, "We are behind you for victory. Bring home the bacon." Stimulated by a few such Pep Messages, or Pep-Grams, as they are also called, God only knows what God and Samuel Morse might not have wrought.

The Congratulatory Telegram and the Pep Message are two of some fifty kinds of Social Message prepared by Western Union and Postal Telegraph, with an assortment of numbered texts, so that the well-wisher who is pressed for time may, by checking a number, express suitable emotions to friends and relatives on holidays and other occasions. The other occasions include (to quote from the Western Union list) Engagement, Promotion, Success of Artist, Making a Speech, Election to Office, Inability to Be Present, and Opening a New Store. As this company puts it, in a small notice on some of its blanks, "There is a special low-rate Western Union service for every social need." Prepared greetings are known in the trade as Fixed Texts, and are identified by the letters "FT" in the top typewritten line of a delivered telegram. For example, if you get a telegram on a decorative blank with the top-line notation "FT400," your message will read, "I'm just a little tot, I haven't much to say, just want to wish my mama a happy Mother's Day." If the letters "SC" ("Sender's Composition") appear instead of "FT," you get the same illustrated blank, but you will know that your correspondent is a happy-go-lucky who, ignoring the Fixed Texts, has chosen to compose his own. The telegraph companies have no harsh feelings toward customers who discard the Fixed Text. An FT costs twenty-five cents to any point in the United States; an SC goes at higher rates, and with a gabby writer can run into money. Sometimes a Social Message carries, instead of the symbols "FT" or "SC," the letters "GTG" in the line above the address. GTG means Greeting.

Over ten million Social Messages were sent via Western Union last year by people who clung gratefully to the Fixed Text. Owing to a hot rivalry between Western Union and Postal Telegraph over practically everything, the historian is faced with a delicate task in accurately placing the laurel due the creator of the Fixed Text. It is certain, though, that the notion of persuading the public to send telegrams as messages of love and cheer as well as tidings of disaster came to J. C. Willever of Western Union thirty years ago. Mr. Willever, who is now first vice-president of the company, discovered in a checkup of branch offices soon after Christmas of 1910 that a good many people had come in to wire Christmas greetings to their families or friends and, after a period of brooding, had gone away without sending any. They explained to the clerks that they were afraid the sight of a telegram might cause their loved ones to drop dead, or at least to fly into a palpitation. The next Christmas, Western Union printed special blanks and envelopes decorated in color with holly, evergreen, and lighted candles to assure the recipients that nothing more deadly than a hearty greeting awaited them. Western Union's first Fixed Texts did not appear, however, until twenty-four years later, when visitors to the Chicago Century of Progress in 1934 were invited to send telegrams home describing their amazement for only twenty-five cents.

In 1934, nobody dreamed that this simple service to the public was to lead to such confections as the Kiddiegram, the Stork Telegram (to be sent upon the birth of a child), and the Singing Telegram, or Sing-O-Gram. Western Union did transmit a few singing birthday messages ("Happy birthday TO you!") as long ago as 1933, but Postal Telegraph claims that it was not until 1938, when Philip Hinerfeld, Postal's advertising and promotion manager, got the idea of singing Valentine Greetings over the telephone to the tune of "Bei Mir Bist du Schön," that the Singing Telegram really caught on with the public. Mr. Hinerfeld well remembers that Valentine's Day. "Our operators were swamped with messages," he says, "so I got into a telephone booth with about a million orders, and Mr. Garabedian of our sales department got into another booth with another million, and we sang like crazy. Say, we even got the elevator boys off the cars and had *them* singing." The lyric that the operators, Mr. Hinerfeld, Mr. Garabedian,

"O.K., Pop—turn left."

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WISH HER A
Sherry
CHRISTMAS

ORCHID BOX from $2.00
at selected dealers everywhere

Louis Sherry
CONFECTIONS
5th AVENUE SHOP
In the Savoy-Plaza • 5th Av. at 59th St.
Ice Cream • Candies • Bon Voyage Baskets
PLAZA 3-6009

We don't know what this kind of folks read but,

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND READ THE
Atlantic

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY CO., BOSTON, MASS.

BETTER GRAVY!
by adding this unexcelled table
MUSHROOM MUSTARD
to meats. On sale at Altman's, Macy's and Gristede Bros. Send for our 4 ounce sample and recipe pamphlet, 25c mailed in U. S. A. from
TURIN'S INN
P. O. BOX 234 HAZLETON, PA.

and the elevator boys sang to the tune of "Bei Mir Bist du Schön" was this:

My Sweet Valentine,
I sing you this line,
Oh, say you'll be mine,
My Valentine.

Even when Postal followed the Valentine singie with an Easter Greeting, sung to the air of Irving Berlin's "The Easter Parade," Western Union was still skeptical of the idea. Roaring love lyrics and popular tunes over the telephone to its valued clients, who, for all Western Union knew, were not in the mood for such attentions, seemed to the company to be undignified. For a while Western Union haughtily referred to Postal any inquirers who wanted to send a Singing Telegram, but people kept right on calling up Western Union and demanding the service, and at last, as W. H. Deppermann of Western Union puts it, "We gave the public what it wanted." The reason so many people telephoned Western Union about Singing Telegrams even when the service was still limited to Postal is psychological, and very vexing to Postal. "When you think of a telegram, you think of Western Union," one Postal executive explains dolefully.

WESTERN UNION'S Fixed Texts are written by people throughout the United States and in some parts of South America—housewives, farmers, mechanics, waiters, and other hopeful authors, who receive a dollar for each text accepted and ten dollars for each Sing-O-Gram. Early in the FT era, Western Union ran advertisements in *Printer's Ink* and other trade magazines, inviting contributions. The company's idea was that greeting-card poets and possibly a few advertising copywriters might see the ad and be interested; it did not occur to Western Union that busboys, laundry workers, saleswomen, and truck-drivers are all people who want to write. In response to the first advertisement, Western Union received fifteen hundred texts, only about fifty of them from professional writers. Since then the company has encouraged these contributors by a lively follow-up letter from time to time as new texts are wanted, but the contributors scarcely need this reminder. They are as conscious of the approach of Mother's Day as any florist, and the months preceding Christmas get them into a state of contemplation as deep as that of Macy's toy department.

The Fixed Text headquarters is a bare, pleasant room on the eighth floor of the Western Union Building on Hudson Street, where contributions are handled by three men—Mr. Deppermann, H. L. Hamilton, and a boy called Al. Al is Mr. Zachor, a harassed blond who was a Western Union messenger himself not very long ago. Mr. Hamilton, who is white-haired, is advertising manager of the company. Mr. Deppermann, who is young and genial, once worked in the promotion department of Walt Disney, Inc., and is by a fairly natural process the creator of the Kiddiegram, a novelty which was unexpectedly a sensational success a year or so ago, when the kiddies at the Racquet and Stork Clubs began sending Kiddiegram No. 1394 to grown-up girlies around town. Kiddiegram No. 1394 reads, "Brush your teeth, comb your hair, hurry to bed, say your prayer, and before you know it I will be there." It was written by a businessman in Kalamazoo who plainly was referring to Santa Claus or the Easter Rabbit in his composition.

Contributions are numbered by Mr. Zachor as they are submitted, and all contributors are referred to by their numbers when the texts come before a committee of Western Union executives for judging. For the committee's convenience, entries are grouped under such headings as "General," "Family," "Inability to Be There in Person," "Sweethearts," "Engaged Couples," "Advanced Age," "Business," "Belated," "Peace," "Blessings," "Humorous," and so on. In the last two years, the Humorous classification has carried an appendix labelled "Confucius," but Mr. Zachor says that this craze has died down. From a thousand or more entries, the committee chooses perhaps a hundred for further consideration, and finally selects about fifty. In a recent Western Union drive for new birthday texts, the average contributor revealed himself as the kind of writer who is fond of references to Dame Fortune, Lady Luck, and the March of Time, and is a natural prey to phrases like "As you travel along the road of life," "As you jog along the road of life," and "As you lope along the road of life"—all fairly acceptable to Western Union. Here and there, though, an entry glowed with the fire of the unusual thinker. Contributor No. 189, apparently a man of few words, submitted two texts. One was "Birthdays come round and round." The other was "Yes, I know this is your birthday." Contributor 36 offered "If you had to be born—Happy Birthday." This is enigmatic, and the boys on the eighth floor are still trying to figure it out.

Mother's Day has been a slight head-

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THE BEGINNING OF A LIFELONG FRIENDSHIP

TO those who know choice whiskey, "John Jameson" is the name of a personality rather than just a brand. Thus they call for it in much the same way as they ask for a trusted, old friend.

For 160 years John Jameson has been recognized as one of the finest of imported whiskies. Its flavor is mild and dry. Its high quality is assured by the fact that it is all whiskey . . . not a drop of which is less than 7 years old. . . . John Jameson is particularly pleasing as a highball . . . in a Manhattan . . . or in an Old Fashioned.

WHAT IS JOHN JAMESON?

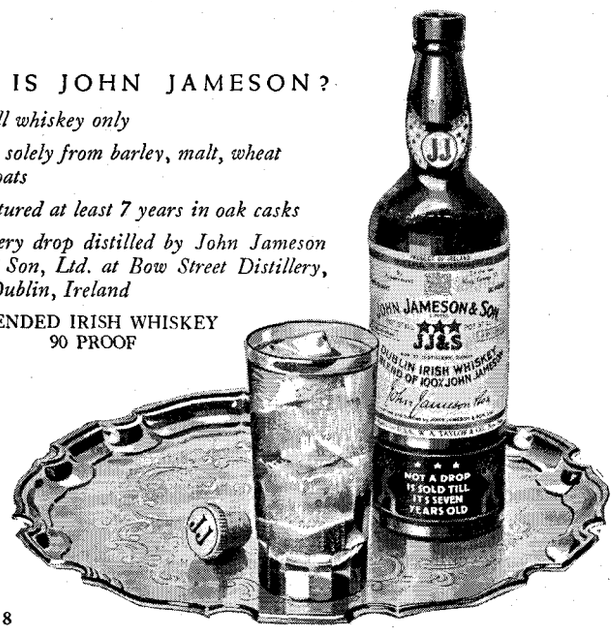
★ *Pot still whiskey only*

★ *Made solely from barley, malt, wheat and oats*

★ *Matured at least 7 years in oak casks*

★ *Every drop distilled by John Jameson & Son, Ltd. at Bow Street Distillery, Dublin, Ireland*

BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY
90 PROOF



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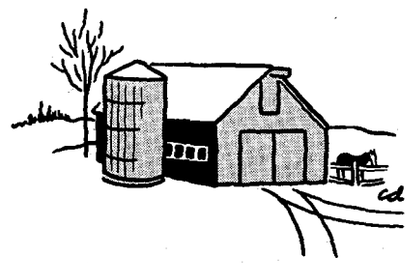
ache to Western Union's Fixed Text Department since 1935, when Mother was depicted on a decorative blank as a white-haired crone wearing a shawl and a cameo pin, and peering feebly over her spectacles at a Western Union Social Message. This picture was accompanied by such Fixed Texts as "I send a blessing for every thread of silver on my mother's head." Some hundreds of mothers between the ages of twenty-five and forty who had been revered by their young via Western Union in this fashion wrote violent letters to the company, stating that the thing had ruined their whole Mother's Day and demanding to know what gave Western Union the idea that nobody under eighty could be a mother. Western Union, faithful to a conviction that some mothers *are* old, believes now that it has solved the problem. The 1940 Mother's Day Greeting offered a few sprightly texts, like (432) "Please accept my love and kisses for my father's dearest Mrs.," and the illustration showed a family group fluttering around a Mother's Day telegram. The group included a white-haired woman, a youngish matron, and a girl with a pageboy haircut. "Any one of these could be a mother," Mr. Deppermann points out, "and we feel that Mother will just have to decide."

Occasionally a wit will wander into a Western Union office and compose a message of such quality that the company later asks his permission to include it in the Fixed Texts. Two years ago, a Pittsburgher named Bob Post composed and sent the following wire on Valentine's Day: "ROSES ARE RED VIOLETS ARE BLUE SUGAR YOU'RE SWEET VIA WU WU WU." This felicitous thought was incorporated into WU's Valentine Greetings. The message, for which Mr. Post was paid a dollar, was a big favorite with the public this year. Most of the ten million Social Messages sent annually via Western Union are Christmas and New Year's greetings. Birthdays are a close second, and Mother's Day, Easter, Valentine's Day, Thanksgiving, and Father's Day telegrams come next in popularity, in that order. Jewish New Year telegrams, also a big item, are delivered in unsealed envelopes, since Hebraic law forbids orthodox Jews to do any labor whatever on the day of Yom Kippur. Western Union found out about that when messengers began to complain that a good deal of their time was taken up, every Yom Kippur, in opening envelopes for customers who rather wistfully asked for that service.

Messenger boys are not the complaining kind as a rule, although their willingness to fulfill any mission, however loony, sometimes leads them into unusual situations. One Western Union boy recalls the freshman class at Bryn Mawr two years ago with a narrowing of the eyes. A feature of the annual freshman show at this college is a kind of treasure hunt in which the freshmen misses hide an animal, any animal, after the show's first act and challenge the sophomores to find it before the finale. If the sophomores succeed, they arrive waving it triumphantly aloft at the finale and take a series of curtain calls. If they fail to find it, the freshmen present it to them with jeers at the end of the show. Year before last, the freshmen, tiring of such prosaic bait as dogs, cats, mice, and the like, telephoned for a Western Union messenger and hid *him*. They accomplished this in a courteous way, simply locking him in a room and giving him plenty of magazines to read in case he got bored. The sophomores didn't find him—perhaps because the first-year girls had kept the key to the room he was sitting in—and, at the finale, the freshmen led their blushing captive onto the stage amid a wave of cheers that staggered him. The messenger, admitting later that he had passed a not unpleasant, though puzzling, evening, demanded, and was paid, overtime. This year the freshmen hid an ant in a bottle.

MOST Singing Telegrams are birthday messages ("Happy birthday TO you!") and are telephoned locally by singing girl operators at Western Union headquarters on Hudson Street or Postal's main office on lower Broadway. Each company has about ten singing operators (this staff is increased to thirty at holiday seasons), and the fact that their performance is cheerful rather than expert is approved by their employers, who feel that perfection might detract from the folksy feeling. The operators are pleasant-looking girls, and they always smile good-naturedly after they have completed a Singing Telegram. The girls will tell you that women who receive singing messages nearly always say, "Thank you, dear!" and frequently add, "Would you mind just singing that once more? I'd like my mother [daughter, son, cousin, or whoever] to hear it." One Western Union operator remembers a fairly exhausting occasion when she was called upon to sing birthday greetings to a Pekinese. To the tune of "Happy Birthday" and according to the instructions of the sender, which had been precise, she sang, "Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow, Bow-wow-wow-wow-WOW-wow . . ." After the Peke had listened to it—one presumes with a dead pan—its mistress asked to hear it and was so enchanted that she then summoned her family and even some friends from across the hall, all of whom called for an encore. Another time the Librarians' Association of New York requested Postal to sing a birthday message to Mayor LaGuardia, using lyrics composed by the librarians themselves, which included an urgent plea for a raise in pay. Postal, although ever the servant of its public, avoided that one by pointing out that the librarians' lyrics did not fit the tune of "Happy Birthday." Scarcely any recipient of a Singing Telegram ever hangs up before the message is completed, and the telegraph companies, always alert for the psychological explanation, have decided that a natural curiosity compels the listener to wait for the name of the sender, which is revealed only at the end of the song. One notable exception occurred during a jolly evening at the New York Athletic Club recently when John Charles Thomas remembered that it was his wife's birthday and was persuaded by friends to call her up, pretend to be Western Union, and sing her a greeting. Mr. Thomas got Mrs. Thomas on the telephone and, disguising his voice slightly, proceeded according to formula. "This is Western Union," he said. "We have a telegram for you." Then he burst gloriously into "Happy birthday TO you." Mrs. Thomas hung up at the beginning of the third line.



A Singing Telegram which the sender wishes sung in person is routed to the branch office nearest the recipient's address and is then entrusted to the first musical messenger boy who volunteers for the job. Messenger boys like to deliver singing messages, partly because they are paid twenty-five cents for each message and can usually depend on a quarter tip besides, and partly because they are crazy about singing. They study the mimeographed verses distributed to branch offices with intensity, and on the whole with approval. One of this year's Easter Greetings (also sung to the tune of "Happy Birthday") drew a quiet

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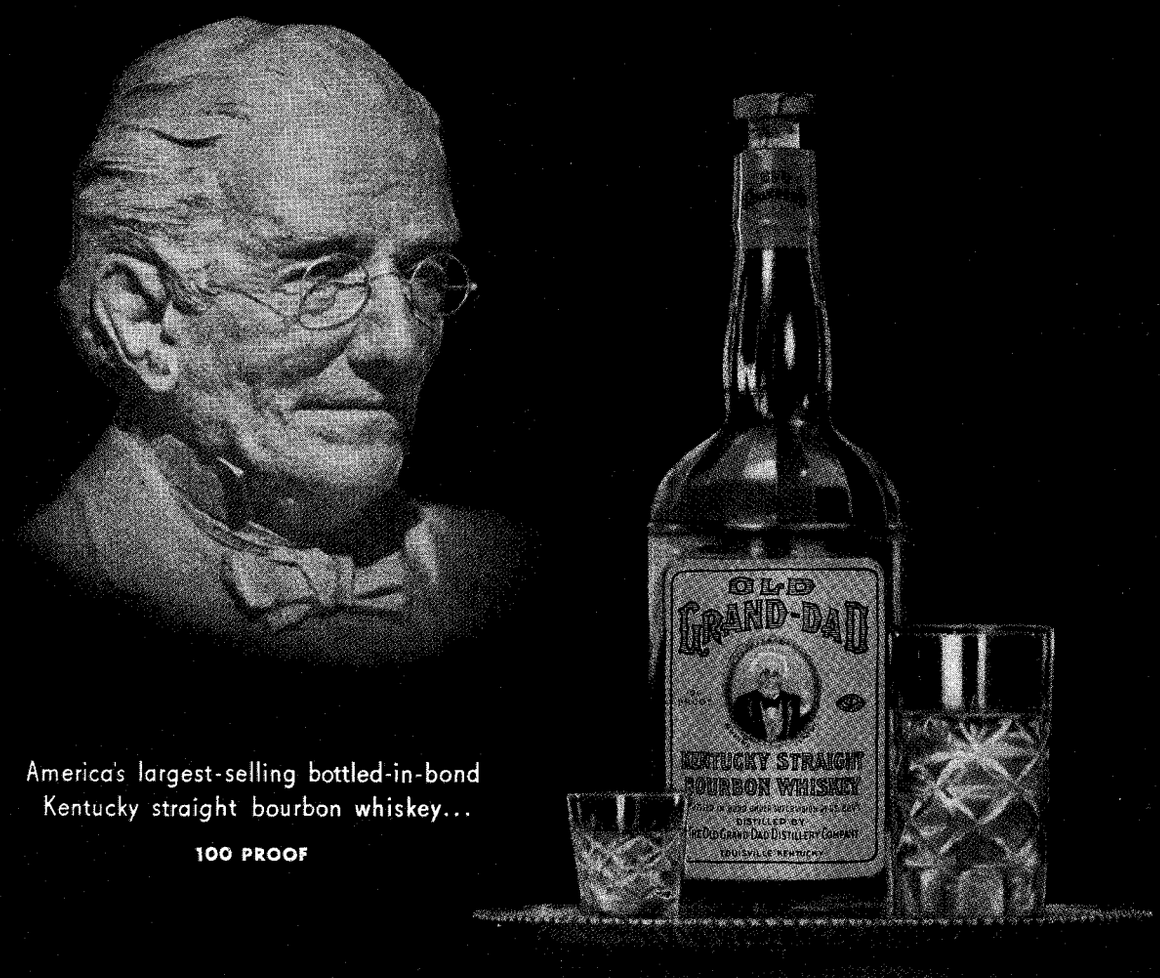
Head of the Bourbon Family

ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY

Your first drink of this magnificent whiskey will explain far more eloquently than words why Old Grand-Dad is first in quality, first in reputation and first in popularity among bottled in bond Kentucky bourbon whiskies



America's largest-selling bottled-in-bond Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey...

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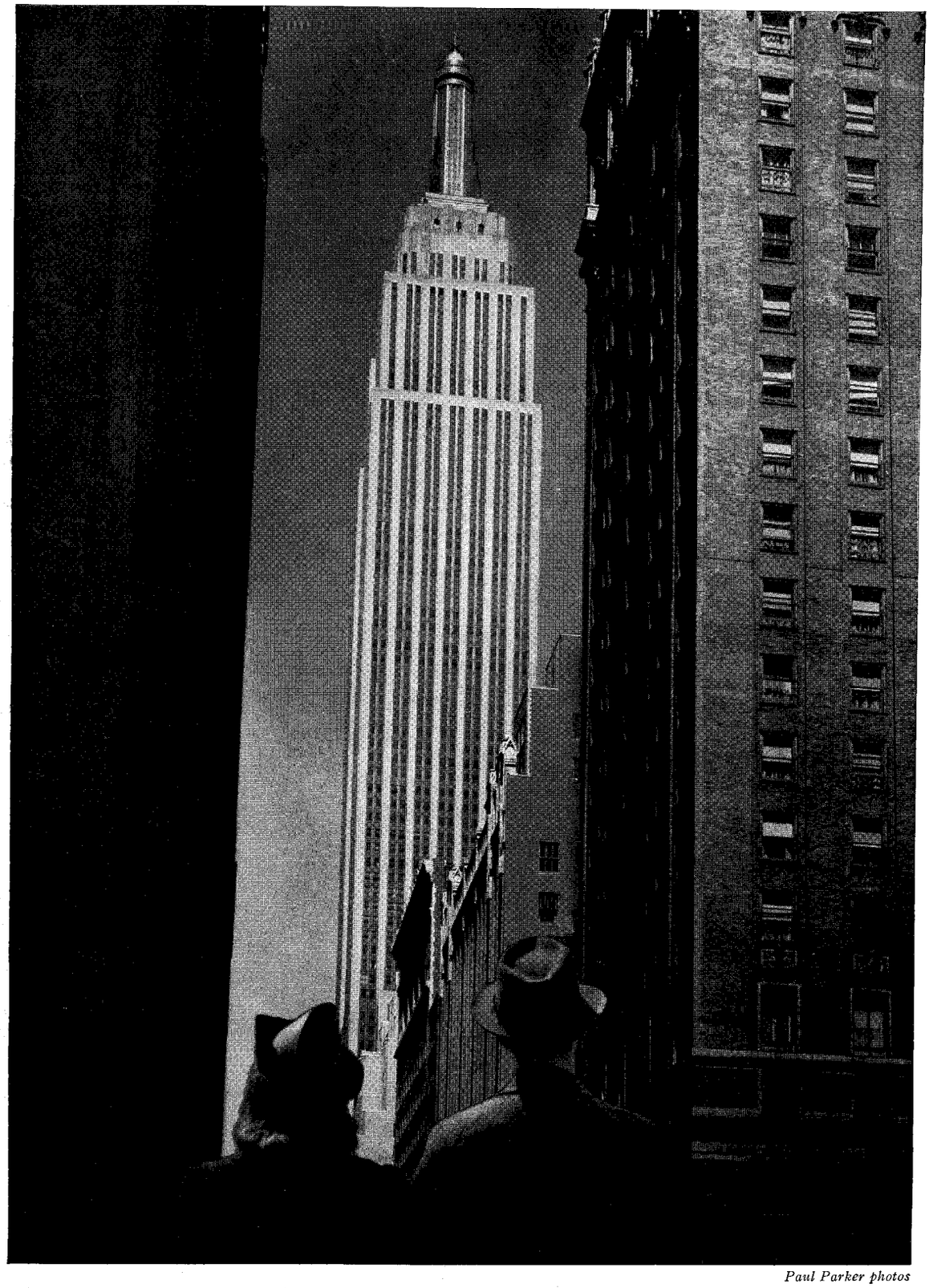

Paul Parker photos

High as the "Empire State"

are the hopes of these young New Yorkers in search of a job. In America's vast new program, industry demands skilled workers. Youth needs special direction and adequate training. Vocational Service for Juniors, through counseling and scholarships, stands ready to help youth and the nation. *Will you help us to help them?*

VOCATIONAL SERVICE FOR JUNIORS

95 MADISON AVENUE *1890—Fiftieth Anniversary—1940* NEW YORK CITY

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comment, however, from one messenger. The verse was:

> While the bunny true blue
> And the chick cock-a-doo
> Shout their greetings on Easter,
> I sing them to you.

"A boy," this messenger remarked, "would hardly be apt to volunteer for that one." A change in metre, or a word that doesn't scan, or a couplet that doesn't rhyme worries the boys to an almost professional degree. Last Mother's Day, a good many Postal messengers were depressed by having to deliver Singing Telegram No. 3. The tune is "Memories":

> Memories, memories,
> Dearest Mother mine,
> You knew every need,
> Thoughts of you are so sweet,
> In mem'ries of childhood days.

"You just got to sing it 'Thoughts of you are so Swede,' " one boy concluded with resignation but without pleasure.

The boys have also an artistic distaste for clients who ask them to sing louder, as is sometimes the case when a Singing Telegram is sent to a recipient in a noisy office. "Maybe you can't sing it loud so good," says John F. Beale, Western Union messenger No. 630. "Maybe your high note don't sound so good when you stretch it. After all, you want to do it the best you can." John, who is seventeen and handsome, was so nervous about delivering his first Singing Telegram a year ago—it was a birthday greeting to a vice-president of the Fidelity & Deposit Co.—that he hung around in an areaway outside the Fidelity building for fifteen minutes, anxiously rehearsing, before he dared go in. To his pleased surprise, he found the vice-president quite as embarrassed as he was. He just sat there getting redder and redder, John remembers, while John, also getting redder and redder, sang his serenade. This shyness on the part of some customers has produced a contrasting poise in many singing messengers. Not long ago, when Tommy Dorsey's orchestra opened at the Astor Roof, Tommy's brother Jimmy sent a quartet of Western Union messengers to sing "Happy Opening to You." A photographer started to take pictures of the event and was stopped by one of the messenger boys, who said, "Just a moment, please," and carefully removed his eyeglasses. The photograph turned out to be a nice likeness of everybody, including Tommy Dorsey, who had kept his glasses on.

Western Union rather cagily restricts the tunes employed in its singing messages to old ones like "Happy

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"Holiday Cheer!"

To those who would enliven the holidays with true hospitality, this is a reminder of the social qualifications of Teacher's Scotch. Distinguished, mellow and delightfully smooth is this old friend of good living.

Made since 1830 by
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"It's the flavour"

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TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

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bombings or maneuvers (also $1).... Rand McNally, 7 West 50th Street, have some maps, excellent for sportsmen, which show where various breeds of horses, dogs, and game fish originated; $5 and up; framed, $12.50.... Tourneau Watches, 431 Madison Avenue (49th), which can think up the darnedest shapes and settings for watches, has installed one in the top of a gold-filled fountain pen; $24.75.... For campers, David T. Abercrombie, 311 Broadway (Duane), suggests a travelling pocket watch with a minute-long alarm; $30.... Clusters of corn shucks, each filled with enough quick-lighting material to start a holiday blaze in the most reluctant fireplace, are $1 apiece at W. G. Lemmon, 820 Madison Avenue (69th).... Tripler, 366 Madison Avenue (46th), has Scottish wool hoods for a set of four wood golf clubs, with varying numbers of stripes corresponding to the number of the club; $4.... The National Audubon Society, 1006 Fifth Avenue (82nd), is a natural if you have a bird-lover to consider—a sheltered food platform with supporting post is $12; an owl house is $4.50.... Lewis & Conger is one of the places that can show you a tricky box which presents you with a lighted cigarette when you lift its top; in bronze finish ($9.95) or chromium ($12.95); works only on A.C.... Carole Stupell, 507 Madison Avenue (53rd), has Wedgwood china in an exclusive pimpernel design, yellow or gray; $60 or $65 a dozen for ten-inch plates.... The Sporting Gallery & Bookshop, 38 East 52nd Street, is good for sportsmen's knickknacks like 22-ounce highball glasses with game birds painted on their sides; $2 each.... Hammacher Schlemmer's bachelor kit for those nerve-racking emergencies contains needles, thread, and plenty of buttons; $5 in a pigskin case.... At Madolin Mapelsden, 825 Lexington Avenue (63rd), you can get a navy-blue knitting bag with a Red Cross emblem on it; open the bag, and you have a little girl's

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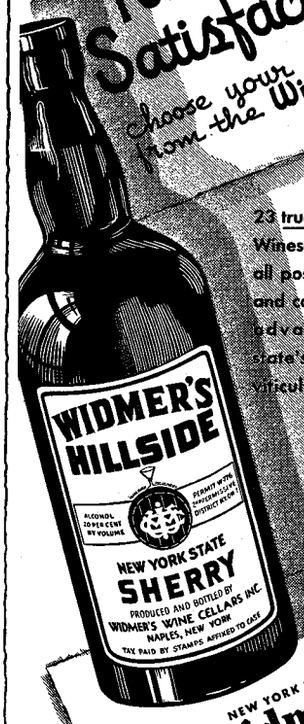

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$5.25 to $24

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BOSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

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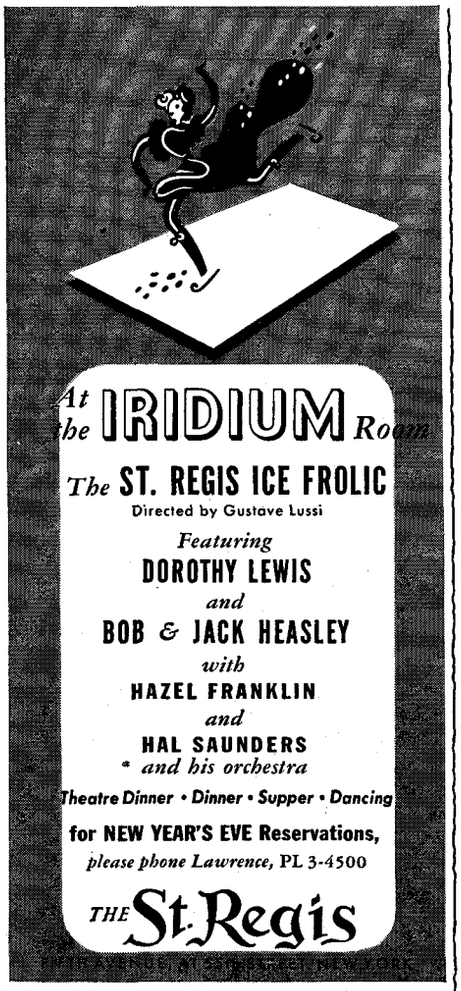

Countess Mara
INCORPORATED

Gifts for Men

Ties created and designed by Countess Mara that are not available elsewhere; Lounging Robes, Exclusive Accessories.

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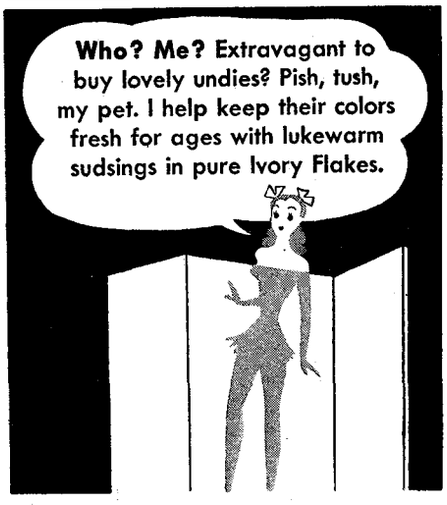
Who? Me? Extravagant to buy lovely undies? Pish, tush, my pet. I help keep their colors fresh for ages with lukewarm sudsings in pure Ivory Flakes.

apron with a pocket full of yarn, needles, and instructions for knitting simple squares which the Red Cross will accept as the makings of blankets; $1.50.

FINALLY, we've collected a few ideas for those who know someone about to go into the Army. Not that the Army hasn't thought of almost everything, and made rules about what the well-dressed young man will wear that are a lot stricter than any prep-school regulations. There are, though, several gifts you can send to make life in barracks more comfortable. A near-essential is a sturdy wristwatch, such as one we saw at Meyrowitz, 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd); not only is it waterproof, shockproof, and non-magnetic but it has a radium dial and is self-winding; $35, with a khaki or leather strap. Schick puts out a compact shaving kit (you'll find this almost everywhere) with one of its Injector razors in a saddle-leather box that has room for other toilet essentials; $3.50. Arthur Gilmore, 16 East 52nd Street, shows a good pigskin utility case for toilet articles ($9 unfitted, or $15 with equipment), and Brooks has a khaki roll-up one, called a locker case, with oilskin-lined pockets ($9.50 fitted). Abercrombie & Fitch have a handy windproof chromium lighter (even non-smokers find them useful for camp life) called a Zippo, which costs $2. Unless the man you're thinking of is an officer, he'll have to shine his own shoes and will consequently be grateful for a kit with a brush, saddle soap, shoe cream, and polishing cloth—you'll find one in cowhide at Abercrombie & Fitch for $5. Then there's the matter of letting the folks back home know how things are going: Brooks offers a simple khaki folder for writing materials (men will probably appreciate this more when they get to camp than at the moment), which costs $3; Western Union, at any of its offices, sells a book containing an assortment of its own one-, two-, five-, ten-, and twenty-five-cent stamps, which are good for sending telegrams and cables and for paying messenger fees—convenient to have around in places where making change is likely to be a problem ($2.50 and $5). And, of course, a knife, which could be Abercrombie & Fitch's Swiss-Army-type one with good, sound blades, things like corkscrews and bottle-openers, and a composition handle; $7.

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Today no one can honestly promise you peace at home or a broad.—*Eleanor Roosevelt in the Philadelphia Record.*

You just have to take your chances.

10-DAY TRIP Leaves New York Dec. 23
6-DAY TRIP Leaves New York Dec. 27
Both return to New York January 2

Away for the holidays to a corner of old France, just overnight from New York!

OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS. Celebrated at the *Chateau Frontenac* with age-old ceremonies of the Boar's Head and Yule log. Membership in jolly *Ski-Hawk Club*...yours to enjoy!

BRILLIANT NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY rings in the biggest holiday of the social calendar.

WINTER SPORTS. At Lac Beauport Snow Bowl, *Chateau Frontenac Ski-Hawk School*...home of Parallel skiing teaches 9 out of 10 beginners in a week. Two ski tows. Outside the *Frontenac* door...skating and tobogganing.

LEAVE NEW YORK Dec. 23, P.M. or take through sleeper, Dec. 27. Round trip, lower berth, all meals, room at the *Chateau*...all included. Canadian Pacific: Boston, Philadelphia. In New York, 344 Madison Avenue. VA. 6-4444.

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Chateau Frontenac
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Is Carstairs *Scotch?*

Let's get this straight . . .

CARSTAIRS *is* a Scotch name. Thos. Carstairs came here from Scotland and founded his liquor business in 1788.

And today, CARSTAIRS White Seal is similar to Scotch whiskey in proof, lightness, and palatability.

That's why some people may wonder if CARSTAIRS *is* Scotch.

The answer is . . . no. CARSTAIRS White Seal is an American-type blended whiskey, with its own distinctive taste.

But while CARSTAIRS differs from Scotch in taste, *both* are delicate in flavor and bouquet. *Both* are blended whiskies with a preponderance of light-bodied spirits.

So if you want a whiskey as light as Scotch...*without paying costly import taxes* . . . we suggest that next time you try CARSTAIRS White Seal.

CARSTAIRS White Seal

BLENDED WHISKEY

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. 72% grain neutral spirits. Copr. 1940, Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., N.Y.C.

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Unconventional

THE solemnity of the recital season was broken up by Arthur Loesser, who hired a hall (Town) for a program of music that he described to his audience as "junk." Mr. Loesser is a pianist who at previous concerts has served the masters well; this time he left the masters parked in his Cleveland studio and brought with him a big black album containing such items as "The Maiden's Prayer," "The Battle of Prague," "The Last Hope," the "Pic-Nic Polka," and elegantly showy variations on familiar airs. Armed with his album, two assisting artists, and no end of cheerful information about melancholy compositions, Mr. Loesser lectured—not briefly, but still wittily—on what he called "young-lady music" and demonstrated his thesis with performances that might, in the days of young-lady music, have been described as a compendium of genteel grace and breath-taking bravura. It was swell fun.

Helping out in the exhibition were Mrs. Marie Simmelink-Kraft, a mezzo-soprano who sang sentimental curios magnificently without kidding them too much, and Dr. Jerome Gross, who played fancy violin transcriptions so charmingly it wasn't funny. Dr. Gross, according to Mr. Loesser, is a man "whose real business in life is the cutting out of appendices." Well, if the Doctor could take a few months off from his surgery and concentrate on the fiddle, he'd be giving many full-time violinists furious competition.

SOMETIMES a "revival" of an opera means only doing the piece again about as it was done before it dropped out of the repertory for a season or so, but the Metropolitan's revival of "Il Trovatore" was a fresh job, with new scenery, costumes, and conductor, revised staging, and a cast that included only a few holdovers from earlier presentations. Henry Horner's settings were uneven stylistically but attractive, and the costumes, designed by Miss Mary Percy Schenck, were entirely effective. The débutant conductor, Ferruccio Calusio, is a maestro of obvious ability, and he treated the score with finesse and vi-

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$8 to $90

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vacity. Good as Mr. Calusio was, I have a notion that he didn't show his full possibilities on this occasion. It will be interesting to see what happens next time he takes over an opera.

This "Trovatore" was also a Metropolitan first for Miss Norine Greco, a gifted young soprano who used to sing in the dollar-topera about town. She made the hop to the big show without a tremor, vocally or dramatically, and the clientele whooped it up for her. She did force her voice a trifle—an activity in which she had the company of some of her colleagues. Jussi Bjoerling, an exceptional Manrico, overdrove his stimulating top notes, and Francesco Valentino, one of the season's new baritones, sometimes projected his tones more energetically than necessary. Mr. Valentino, who is in private life a New Yorker named Dinhaupt, had made his début earlier in the week in "Lucia di Lammermoor." He has a telling voice with ample ping and a musicianly style, and he knows what's what on the stage.

THERE were also two novel operatic productions north of Fortieth Street. In Carnegie Hall, the National Orchestral Association experimented with an abbreviated "Pagliacci," for which the orchestra was placed behind a backdrop and the singers were pursued about the stage by determined spotlights. The idea was to provide experience for the young vocal soloists—a talented lot, all told, who weren't perceptibly upset by the unconventional scenic setup. At the Juilliard Graduate School, there was a new and striking investiture for a series of showings of Mozart's "Magic Flute." This opera is tough going for experienced artists, but the students turned in well-coördinated performances.

AMONG the more conventional attractions, there were eminent offerings from Benny Goodman (it's no longer news that he's a modest and model clarinet soloist, as he proved again to be with the Philharmonic-Symphony), Miss Marjorie Lawrence, Miss Ray Lev, Vronsky and Babin, Robert Casadesus, Gregor Piatigorsky, and the New Friends of Music orchestra. As for the New Friends and their ensemble, more next week. Meanwhile, Merry Christmas! —ROBERT A. SIMON

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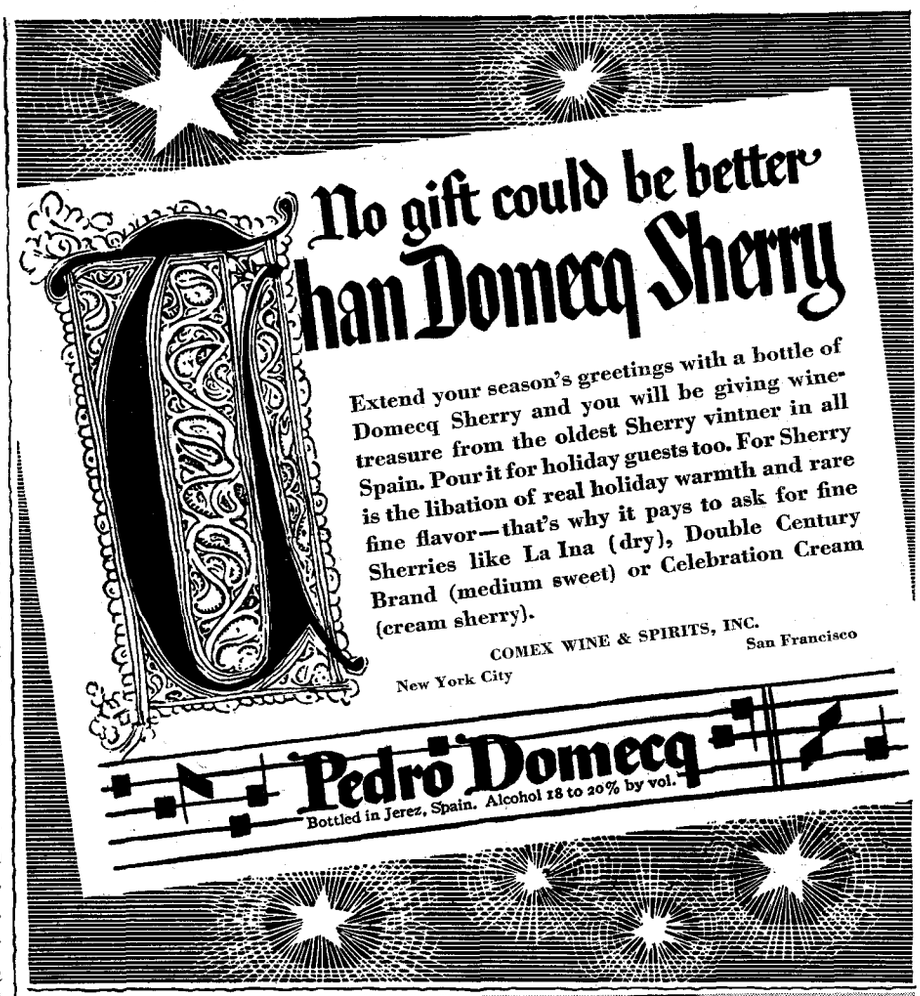
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Canton (Ohio) Repository*]

1936 PLYMOUTH 2-door trunk sedan. oGod tires, $239.


No gift could be better than Domecq Sherry
Extend your season's greetings with a bottle of Domecq Sherry and you will be giving wine-treasure from the oldest Sherry vintner in all Spain. Pour it for holiday guests too. For Sherry is the libation of real holiday warmth and rare fine flavor—that's why it pays to ask for fine Sherries like La Ina (dry), Double Century Brand (medium sweet) or Celebration Cream (cream sherry).
COMEX WINE & SPIRITS, INC.
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Bottled in Jerez, Spain. Alcohol 18 to 20% by vol.

To Gentlemen
who would like to join the world's most popular after-shave club
Below are signatures of six famous members of our club. Add *your* name and mail this advertisement to us. We'll send a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva. Cool and refreshing, it leaves your skin feeling softer and smoother. Electric shavers use Aqua Velva *before and after* shaving. Address: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AA-26, Glastonbury, Conn. Offer good only in the U.S.A. and Canada.
NAME
STREET
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Aqua Velva

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THE SKY LINE

Cloud Over Sixth Avenue—Home on the Park

THE Sixth Avenue Association recently held an exhibition on the theme of what Sixth Avenue might be. I have only two comments to make on that worthy effort: it should have been put in hand when the new subway was, and none of the architects who contributed to the exhibition have the faintest notion of what a modern avenue should look like or be. Muddling and remodelling were the main inspirations of this show.

I wish there were some way of making the municipal authorities, the property owners of Sixth Avenue, and the architects of New York realize that they are letting go a magnificent opportunity. Here are more than two solid miles of avenue suddenly relieved from the noise and dinginess of an ancient Elevated structure; two miles of sordid shops, mean apartments, vacated shooting galleries, decrepit loft buildings; a mass of rusting iron cornices, cracking plaster, bedaubed woodwork, much of it without adequate fire protection, all of it waiting to be carted to the dump. This is not a case for piecemeal plans. Before anyone wastes money on such trivialities, there should be some attempt to understand the possibilities of the avenue as a whole.

Now, here is a chance to plan a portion of midtown New York that will not come again, probably, until bombs begin to drop from the skies. Yet everyone seems to harbor the strange notion that the only choice possible lies between rows of two-story shops and offices, cheaply converted out of the original mess, or block upon block of new apartment houses and office buildings. No one, apparently, has heard that there is a traffic problem in midtown New York, or that Sixth Avenue in its present unreconstructed state presents a special opportunity for solving it. No one has heard, either, that the nondescript shopping avenue is an outdated concept and that Sixth Avenue might move into first place by fostering a new kind of urban design.

If everyone were not asleep, there would be at least half a dozen major plans for Sixth Avenue competing for public attention and criticism. One of them might suggest setting aside every third block, say, as a shopping centre. The shops, instead of facing the avenue, could form lanes or cul-de-sacs at right angles to the avenue, thus multiplying the number of shops while reducing their avenue frontage; the blocks in between could be devoted to parking lots and garages. Another plan might recognize the fact that when an avenue becomes a traffic artery, one side of it is insulated from the other; this plan could reserve one side for parking and motor service and the other side for shops, restaurants, and movie theatres. Or again, a third plan might utilize Le Corbusier's design for buildings on stilts, thus widening the avenue up to the present building lines and using the space underneath for parking.

These are just samples. None of these suggestions would necessarily bear close scrutiny; in fact, an analysis of the entire midtown section's needs might disclose the necessity for three or four fundamental patterns for different portions of Sixth Avenue, depending upon the district to be served. But the point is that rebuilding that thoroughfare is first of all a problem of city planning. If Sixth Avenue is to make anything of its new opportunity for rebuilding, our architects must think like city planners and our City Planning Commission must think like architects.

THE new apartment house flanking Broadway between Central Park South and West Fifty-eighth Street shows that in single projects, however, the architectural imagination has not gone stale. This one seems to me, at least in form, the finest in its class that has been put up since the Rockefeller apartments, and its interior plan is, I think, superior to theirs.

The architects, Mayer & Whittlesey, had a very teasing problem. The plot is irregular; Broadway, running diagonally southeast, cuts off the west side of it at an odd angle. Their solution was an ingenious one, which gives the living quarters of their buildings the maximum possible light, air, and quiet. A huge, U-shaped structure—a twenty-eight-story central mass flanked by twenty-story wings—faces the Park frontage, and a fifteen-story building, rectangular in shape, fronts on Fifty-eighth Street. The ingenuity of the solution lies in the fact that only the western flanks of these two buildings abut on noisy, raucous Broadway. The ground space between the structures is occupied by a low, rambling lobby and, on the Broadway side, a series of one-story stores. The roofs of the lobby and of the stores have been landscaped with gardens.

The walls of these buildings are of a very pleasant orangey brick, without any pattern except the one furnished by the bricks themselves. On the Park side the windows are broad, so broad that they almost form the outer walls of the living rooms, and they are set horizontally, with a fixed middle panel and casement windows on each side. Not content with wide window openings, the architects sought to increase the tenants' pleasure by building a series of projecting concrete open-air balconies at the corners, with doors opening from the dining rooms. No other apartment house in New York—if one excepts Henry Atterbury Smith's block of model tenements on John Jay Park, between Seventy-seventh and Seventy-eighth Street, facing the East River—has made such a full use of the balcony. In these new apartments, they are effective both as living space and esthetically, for the white concrete slabs, seen from the street, are the principal decorative relief to the otherwise unbroken face.

In the difficult matter of terminating a high building, the architects again, by the simplest possible means, have scored a real success; the elevator machinery and the water tank are encased by the same wall that rises from the topmost penthouse apartment and flanked at the base by two concrete balconies. The two wings of the Central Park South mass are topped by roof gardens. Above the gardens, on each wing, rise chimneys that serve the innumerable apartment fireplaces. These chimneys are not separate; they come together to form a great wall that serves the visual purpose of providing a strong accent at a point where it will count. A graceful piece of functionalism, or a functional piece of decoration; you may call it either.

The main theme of openness and light and air and verdure is delicately repeated in the main entrance of the unit on Central Park South—a wide opening of glass, set in horizontal frames, with the handsome interior fully visible from the street. The approach to it is a court a few feet below the street level, bordered with Japanese yew and framed by two or three trees. One may regret, from the standpoint of formal design, that the shop fronts of Broadway are extended around the corner into the Park side of the building; otherwise the result is handsome.

The only other effort at decoration on this straightforward façade is the two wide panels of mosaic, designed by Amédée Ozenfant, across the front on the lower stories. They are excellent works of their kind, but they might be

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three times as imposing in scale without holding their own against the building above them. I cannot help wishing that these mosaics had been used, instead of the cold, light-gray tile that was actually employed, to form the west wall of the entrance court. There they would have been disassociated from the building as a whole and, being at eye level, would become sufficiently intimate to count as pictures. As it is, the building is not in the least improved by the mosaics, but the mosaics are spoiled by the building.

So much for the major achievements of this fine job. Some of the minor ones are excellent: the series of indented shop fronts on Broadway, with their rounded bays facing south; the recessed, tiled entrance to the apartment house on Fifty-eighth Street, just as good in its way as the open one on Fifty-ninth Street; the recessed, tiled plant box beside this entrance, with sprays of English ivy cascading over the edge.

Apart from the light-gray tiles used in the Central Park South entrance court, which seem to me off key in both tone and color in relation to the brick, the only minor touch I seriously dislike is the band of black glass for the background of the golden bronze shop signs. Someday, when I get all the glass manufacturers into one room, I will say what I think about this plague of funeral-parlor glass that has begun to spread up and down the city. And I will use, for horrible examples, the Hudson building, at Fifty-fifth Street and Broadway, and the Plymouth-Chrysler building a block north. But that is in parenthesis. It would take more than a little black glass to spoil this handsome and adroit design.

—Lewis Mumford

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WINTER

(Sketched in Charcoal)

A dark-gray bird
In a naked tree,
Rustled and stirred
Uneasily,
As a cat's lean length
On a barrel's rim
Rippled its strength
At thoughts of him.

A wind fell out
Of a pewter sky
And gave them a clout
As it passed them by;
On the blackened ground,
A leaf on edge
Scraped round and round
Near the sooty hedge.

—Patience Eden

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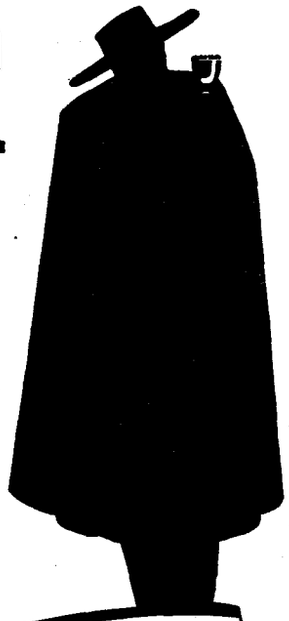

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RETREAT TO SHARON

IT was a kind of obsession with Francis Ronalds that the house in Sharon, which was little more than a shack, should be ready for his family to occupy at any time and at any season of the year. They had never stayed in it past the middle of September, but he had had a furnace put in and the walls insulated with rock wool. Whatever could make the house comfortable and livable was there, in good working order. Occasionally, Katherine Ronalds, his wife, had rebelled against such improvements, on the ground that they were foolish and extravagant, but today, when the taxi stopped in front of the house, she saw in every preparation the obvious hand of Providence.

She and the two children were in the habit of arriving with suitcases, suitboxes, hatboxes, duffelbags, a bird cage, a plant or two, and toys—with enough, it sometimes seemed, for a mass migration. This time they had two sacks of groceries, which she had bought at the A. & P. after they got off the train, and the clothes on their backs. Everything in the apartment in town, everything that they owned, practically, had gone up in smoke and flames the night before.

The house was warm. Fran had telephoned to Mr. Somers, a farmer who lived down the road, and he had come up earlier in the afternoon, started the furnace, and turned on the water. The children found some toys they had not cared enough about to take back to town with them and seemed quite happy. When Katherine discovered there was hot water, she gave both Roberta and Jean a bath; then she set about getting their supper.

It took longer than it should have, partly because the country girl who had worked for the Ronaldses during the summer had put the kitchen utensils away in such strange places, and partly because the night before was still uppermost in Katherine's mind and she kept seeing over and over the same nightmarish scenes.

The Ronaldses' apartment was on the second floor of a remodelled brownstone in the East Fifties. They had had a few people in for dinner and bridge afterward. The company had stayed until about twelve-thirty or quarter to one. While Fran was taking Estelle Woolf home, Katherine herself had got ready for bed. Then she had gone around tidying up, straightening the furniture, so that the apartment would not look too frightful in the morning. Finally she got into bed and started reading. She must have read for five or ten minutes when all of a sudden she heard a hiss, and immediately there was that smell. She got as far as the living-room door and saw that the whole room, in the incredibly short time it had taken her to leap out of bed, was on fire.

THE children ate their supper quietly, their heads drooping toward the end, as if they had not had a nap, but with no other sign that they had gone through an unusual experience. The beds in the nursery were damp, and Katherine warmed them with hot-water bottles while she was undressing the children. Even so, Roberta shivered for a while after she was tucked in, although she insisted that she had plenty of covers on and that she was not cold.

As Katherine started to turn the light out, Jean gave her a look which made her come back immediately and sit on the edge of the bed. She talked to the children about how their father was driving up from town—how he must have started already, in fact—and about what they were going to do when they woke up in the morning, and eventually it came out. What Jean was worrying about was the bird. Did her mother think that the bird would have had time to get out of the cage somehow, after the fire started.

It was possible, Katherine said. But even if the bird was all right, it was doubtful if they would ever see it again. It would probably settle down on a tree somewhere in the Park and build a nest for itself. What they would have to do, she said, was to look for a new bird when they went to town the next time. Or perhaps a Siamese kitten would be nicer.

The children debated which they would like more, a kitten or another canary, until gradually their eyelids grew heavy. When Katherine turned the light out, they no longer seemed to mind.

She went downstairs and lit the lamps in the living room and drew the curtains. Then she went back to the kitchen, which seemed more cheerful, somehow. She sat down at the kitchen table with her elbows resting on the cool oilcloth and her face in her hands and waited.

If Fran hadn't taken her back to the apartment early this morning, it would have been all right, she kept telling herself. The excitement would have stayed with her. She would never have realized, perhaps, the extent of their loss. But standing in the outer hall, she had looked in just long enough to recognize the leg of a chair and a piece of wet curtain. Then she had turned away.

Now, whenever she closed her eyes, she saw that charred mass, and the remembrance never failed to bring with it the dreadful odor of chemicals. Her lovely evening clothes, her mink coat, all the furniture, the rugs, the piano, her great-grandmother's wedding silver—all burnt or sooty and water-soaked beyond recognition. If there had been time to choose, to save anything—but there hadn't been. Only that moment, with smoke pouring out of the living room, when she could still get to the outside hall and turn on the fire alarm. She saw herself, as if it were a scene in a play, coming into the children's room and waking them, telling them to put on their shoes, poking their limp arms into the sleeves of their coats, helping first one and then the other out of the bedroom window and onto the fire escape. It all took place within two minutes, probably, and, with the iron ringing under their footsteps, she was feeling quite calm, quite pleased to think that in a real crisis she could keep her head. That was when she heard Jean's voice beside her saying, "But, Mummy, oughtn't we to be going down instead of *up?*"

So they turned then and retraced their steps, and eventually they found themselves, in the middle of the night, being taken into a ground-floor apartment across the court, being cared for by kind people they'd never seen before. The two children were put into a big bed, and she, sitting stiff-eyed, a glass of brandy in her right hand and her feet tucked under her, on a sofa, talked to firemen, talked to policemen, trying desperately to find out what had happened to Fran. If he had come home and seen the flames pouring out of the second-story window, no power on earth could have kept him from rushing upstairs to look for his family.

The outer door of the apartment was locked, the policemen said. The firemen had to break it down with axes. And if her husband had come home before that, they said, the door would certainly have been open. She nodded each time, trying, by saying the words they said after them, to make their argument sound convincing. And suddenly she found that she was talking to Fran, as if he were a policeman too, telling him just how it had happened, explaining about the loud hiss.

AT the sound of the garage doors being opened, Katherine went outside and found Fran there with his coat

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wide open and his hat on the back of his head and the bright car lights shining on the house. When he went inside, she saw that he was tired and dirty and that there were dark circles under his eyes. Their effect, strangely, was to make him look thinner and younger by at least five years. While she was putting the food on the table, he talked to her cheerfully about the events of the day. He had talked to the fire marshal, the man from the Telephone Company, the man from the gas-and-light company, the police, of course, and a wonderful collection of adjusters, who had had to wait outside the door of the apartment, like jackals in a ring, until eight o'clock, the time they were allowed by law, it seemed, to start plying their trade. And finally he had talked to several representatives of several insurance companies.

"And do you know, darling," he said, with his mouth full, "I didn't mind it a bit. I kept thinking about the shopping trip you and I are going on—what fun it will be. And I was so damn tired of all those things!"

Katherine looked at him in silence. If *he* wasn't discouraged, if he could take it so calmly as this, then perhaps it really didn't matter. They had each other, they had this house to come to. She thought of the children upstairs asleep in the nursery, and for the first time that day she found it possible to eat.

When Fran was through with his dessert, he wiped his mouth with his napkin and pushed his chair back from the table.

"Ready for bed?" she asked.

"Not just yet," he said, lighting a cigarette. "I kind of wanted to sit and talk. Are you too tired?"

"It would be nice if we—" She stopped, appalled by what was on the tip of her tongue.

"I had the same idea," he said. "The very same idea." While she was putting the cream and the butter away in the icebox, he went outside. A moment later he came back again with paper, kindling, and logs, carried them into the living room, and laid them down on the hearth. —JONATHAN HARRINGTON

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The program, which will be on the air from 4:30 to 5 o'clock, is sponsored by Sydney Goldie, stamp editor of the San Francisco Examiner, and the winner will receive a prize which is said to be an expentions, and a possible leg fracture.
—*Stanford Daily.*

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RESTAURANTS

Tried and True

THERE'S nothing like an influx of lighthearted friends, in town for the holidays, to make you remember restaurants where, at some time in the past, you've had fun of one sort or another. The open season started early for me this year, and I'm so pleased with my findings that I pass them along in case a few of the old standbys may have slipped your mind, too. You may not have thought of them in years, but somebody certainly has, because they are flourishing, one and all.

To begin with, there's Michel, at 38 East Fifty-third Street, the sort of person who greets you by name no matter how long you've been away. The post-prohibition decorations in his place, which I thought were too grand the last time I saw them, are nice and used now, and the food is as good as ever—you can tell by the crowds that are almost sure to be worming their way through the stubby little entrance. For lunch, I happen to like the cold things they have—lobster *mayonnaise*, salmon *à la russe*, or duck with broccoli salad, for instance—but there's also crabmeat au gratin, scallops and shrimps Newburg, grilled kidneys, and all that, if you'd rather. At night, you have your choice of such substantial dishes as veal kidney sauté or rack of lamb with mint sauce, and one of the *prix-fixe* dinners actually includes fresh caviar. That's practically a scoop in December, 1940.

Marnel's, at 131 East Forty-seventh Street, is a lot more restful since they covered those prickly yellow bumps on the walls with something smooth. It's still fun to walk past the kitchen on your way to the dining room and pick up ideas for your own meal from somebody else's. You start with recklessly devilled sardines on toast, say, or a terrine of chicken livers, and then settle down to something fairly royal—jumbo squab *en cocotte*, for example, or guinea hen braised with truffles, or sirloin steak with the Marnel accent.

Another place that's getting along all right is the Café de la Ville, at 65 East Fifty-fourth Street. They simply broil their guinea hen (it seems as though guinea hen was in everybody's kitchen these days, and I don't mind a bit) and serve it with deliciously cooked wild rice. As a matter of fact, they do fine with all the straightforward things, so if you're tired of sauces, you'll like it extra. Double lamb chops with cress, roast beef with baked potato, and broiled squab chicken are among the other things that are apt to be on the menu. The hors-d'œuvres are unusually good, and the same goes for the desserts, such as coffee parfaits and *profiteroles* with chocolate sauce.

Maud Chez Elle, at 151 East Forty-ninth Street, may remind you so vividly of some former pet place in France that you'll be bothered at first. Fortunately, there are few heartaches that good French food won't soothe, and I suspect you'll end by liking this restaurant as much as ever. The blackboard menu is as interesting, and exactly as difficult for me to remember, as it used to be. About all I seem to recall is *coquille St. Jacques* (more than nice with the *vin rosé* they serve), veal with olives (they call it Marengo), and plain shirred eggs with black butter. The little French peas are cooked as the French cook them, with lettuce and onion; the coffee is good; and altogether you find yourself sitting around and talking afterward for a long, long time.

The Mont d'Or, at 255 East Forty-eighth Street, is also a puts-you-in-mind-of-Paris place, even if the waiters do occasionally serve your wine in highball glasses. (No matter; it seems to disappear, somehow.) I go for peasanty things here, like blood sausage, but you can be fancy with broiled lobster and such, if that's you. There are specialties every day—for instance, garlic sausage with lentils (the Alsatian way) on Mondays, bouillabaisse on Fridays, and *civet de lapin* on Saturdays—all fine with the red-checked tablecloths.

THEN there's the Divan Parisien, at 17 East Forty-fifth Street, which remains one of the coziest places in town, with all those comfortable banquettes for all those happy couples. I find the favorites of the house a shade lush, but if you care for a mixture of cream and hollandaise sauce poured over your fowl before it is topped off with cheese and exposed to the broiler, you'll have plenty of fun and satisfaction. If that's too much for you, try baked stuffed tomatoes with bacon at lunchtime, or broiled breast of capon with Virginia ham and soufflé potatoes for dinner. They favor the current technique of making a green salad there, going at it and going at it until it's just mush, but they'll refrain from the meat-grinder methods if you speak up in time. It's worth speaking up.

The Divan Parisien people also run Champs Elysées, at 25 East Fortieth Street, but the chef down there has his own ideas. His food isn't so saucy—it's much plainer, in fact, and appears to be relished by the many men who lunch there. (I have yet to try it at night.) Finnan haddie with curry and rice is quite a dish, and so, in its way, is braised beef with buttered noodles. Maybe, though, you'd prefer hamburger steak with a purée of broccoli and au-gratin potatoes. They have sweet potatoes cooked Southern style and a fine lot of vegetables. Comfortable, too.

At most à-la-carte restaurants, you're frowned on if you don't order one of everything all the way down the list, but not at Del Pezzo, 33 West Forty-seventh Street. The waiters there will bring you broth with *escarole* (or with spinach, or noodles, or rice) and never come near you again unless you insist. You'll be torn between such wonderful Chinese-looking broth arrangements, a remarkable affair called a mixed fish fry, and *spiedino alla Mozzarella*, a dish concocted of thick buttered croutons and cheese, which melts almost before it even gets to your mouth. The fresh *ricotta*—a cousin of cream cheese, I should think—is satisfying with salad, and all the usual solid Italian dishes are to be had if you want them.

KEEN'S CHOP HOUSE, at 72 West Thirty-sixth Street, is still a thoroughly genial spot for a winter night. All those autographed clay pipes festooning the ceiling and draping the walls make it seem more like an Old English tavern than a restaurant in the middle of the wholesale millinery district, and the place is always full of men, which to me means high praise. Go there, of course, only when you're up to sturdy food. If you're not quite capable of managing a double anything in the beef or mutton line, you can fall back on a lamb kidney with Irish bacon or a grilled ham steak with a great boulder of an Idaho potato. Even the desserts are calculated to stick to your ribs: plum pudding with both hard and wine sauce, baked apple, or pumpkin pie. Incidentally, kids love the miniature clay pipes the management hands out. —SOUBISE

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True Confessions has three definite taboos: perversion, miscegenation, and religion.—*Writer's Digest.*

A magazine has to draw the line *somewhere.*

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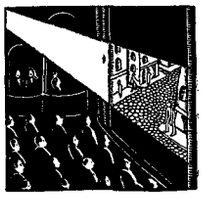
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Conrad and the Camera



OF all the Conrad novels, "Victory" provides the most easily recognizable screen material. Moviegoers who still bother to read at all can trace the possibilities of an excellent scenario in the book. Surabaya and the rest of the Dutch East Indies are a South Sea region to which the audience has been long accustomed. Stripping the plot of any Conradian surplus of reflection upon "the obscure prompting of that pagan residuum of awe and wonder which lurks still at the bottom of our old humanity," we find a narrative of active adventure. A morose and handsome hero—a most suitable rôle for Fredric March, to whom, indeed, it has been assigned in this version—salvages a fair, distressed young thing from one danger and then another, and a love theme is sustained. The villains are properly sinister and unscrupulous. Humor, or anyhow a certain liveliness, asserts itself in some of the hotel scenes and relieves the grim atmosphere. Thus John L. Balderston, author of the screen play, had little to do but simplify the original Conrad, evolve a quick shift at the end in the interest of romantic love, and so turn out a story which might have been written by any expert at the job. The whole affair is definitely expert, with a proper allotment of excitement and atmosphere, and readers will find some actual reminders of Conrad's own imagining.

The most specific reminder exists, I think, in the character of the villainous Mr. Jones, as personified by Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Mr. Jones surely is one of the most eerie, the most subtly diseased in mind and body, of all the villains of great fiction, and Sir Cedric conveys a full idea of the feline gambler, killer, and bored epicure. With the "secretary" and the monstrous servant, the half-ape valet, this Mr. Jones plausibly makes a hell's corner of Java and the world around it. The Schombergs' hotel in Surabaya has been very realistically handled, too, with Margaret Wycherly weird enough as Schomberg's wife, and with a careful collection of bespectacled middle-aged English girls as the travelling orchestra. One of this group, readers will recall, is not middle-aged, but young, pretty, and abused—the very

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Sir:

Your note of this day is received and the challenge accepted. Exercising my undoubted right to select the mode of battle, I appoint to you at Camargo and to fight across the Rio Grande with field howitzers. As I do this entirely for your satisfaction, I shall require you to furnish the howitzers with a suitable supply of powder and ball, and of provisions. The meeting to take place at some healthy season to be agreed on by our seconds and due notice of the time and place of the meeting to be given to the Army of Occupation, and General Scott and Taylor invited to attend with all the officers under their command.

I have the honor to be, etc.

J. J. CRITTENDEN

P. S. The seconds are to take part in all the hostilities to be waged. Gun cotton not to be used. J. J. C.

PISTOLS AT TEN PACES

By William Oliver Stevens

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rôle for Betty Field, as the studio has recognized—and she causes all the trouble and finally even the destruction of the indomitable Mr. Jones. I am not sure the later scenes on Axel Heyst's island quite bear out the early promise. That simplification job makes this part too bald, with a fight in the dark and like incidents which are more usual screen stuff. I don't suppose that moviegoers need much of the "pagan residuum," but they are quick to spot the familiar in every picture and take to it with little kindness.

OTHER offerings of the moment are certainly usual screen stuff. "Santa Fe Trail," prolonged by everlasting Western scenes, scuffles in Kansas, and so on, is vaguely built up around the story of John Brown, with care to offend neither the South nor the North. As John Brown, Raymond Massey cuts through the doughy plot like a knife, but his intensity can't save the film. Olivia de Havilland, looking very piquant and demure, especially in front of the gallows while John Brown is hanged, and Errol Flynn, looking as F.F.V. as he can, provide an element of romantic fever. . . . Jack Benny, Fred Allen, and Mary Martin dominate "Love Thy Neighbor." Miss Martin sings "My Heart Belongs to Daddy"—all, in fact, do much what one expects of them—and there's a peculiarly pretty finale. . . . Frank Morgan goes in for parlor tricks in "Hullabaloo," and does imitations of Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Mickey Rooney, and any number of famous people. . . . "One Night in the Tropics" has some Kern tunes, but is mostly just farce, with Mary Boland being thumped around, a plot about a "love-insurance" policy, and Nancy Kelly, who is considered by her press agent to be now "at her loveliest since 'Jesse James.'"

—JOHN MOSHER

•

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[*Adv. in the Chillicothe (Mo.) Constitution-Tribune*]

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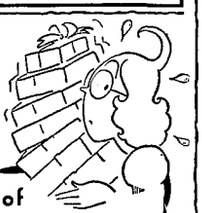

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BOOKS

A Certain Disarming Charm

THE sagacious conductor of the *Times*' "Topics of the Times" column recently had this to say:

There is something worse, or at least something even more irritating, than a book reviewer announcing a work of supreme genius every other week. This is when he looks back over a season or a year of books and drastically revises his original opinions.

No doubt there is a certain disarming charm about a critic who confesses that the book which he saluted and recommended as ranking with "The Brothers Karamazov" and "The Scarlet Letter" turns out on a second reading to be largely tripe. Perhaps it is not too late to erase the original verdict from the reader's mind and substitute the new estimate. But in all fairness the repentant critic ought to pay back the $2.50 which people paid for the book.

These astringent sentences have plunged me into a deep melancholy, for after due reflection I have reached the discouraged conclusion that they are aimed at me. If I am to heed the admonition of Mr. Topics, I must either forbear to announce a change of mind, in which case I stand convicted of disingenuousness, or I must pay out to my readers large sums of money, in which case I stand threatened with bankruptcy. Mr. Topics, however, implies a third alternative: being always right in the first place. This, however, I leave to the editorial and other writers of the New York *Times*, whose judgments are notoriously infallible, even though occasionally a majority of the American electorate doesn't happen to agree.

I plead innocent to the charge of having hailed any novel this year as the equal of "The Brothers Karamazov," but I do admit having overpraised, as it now seems to me, a few stories of good second-rate quality. For example, Mrs. Carson McCullers' highly original first novel, "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," does not in retrospect bear up as well as I had hoped it would. Mrs. McCullers' talent is unusual, but there is a muzzy-mystical quality to her book that became apparent to me only some months after I had first read it, just as it has taken me ten years, slowpoke that I am, to see how much of D. H. Lawrence was genius and how much sheer fudge.

I still think well of Richard Wright's "Native Son," but as I look back on it, its technical faults begin to loom more largely: its length, the woodenness of the white characters, the garrulity of all the characters, the genteelism of the expository style.

In connection with R. C. Hutchinson's "The Fire and the Wood," I commented on "the remarkable realism with which he conveys the life of hospitals and the world of scientific research," and compared the book with "Arrowsmith." One of my readers, a medical student, wrote me indignantly and to my mind convincingly. I take it back. I think the novel a rather good one, but as for the "remarkable realism," I am no longer quite so confident. A medical student is certainly a better judge than I am.

One verdict made in these columns, an adverse one on Richard Llewellyn's best-selling "How Green Was My Valley," worries me considerably. I do not believe the minority is necessarily or even frequently right. My opinion of "How Green Was My Valley" I would now revise even further downward, which action isolates me completely. My colleagues agree on Mr. Llewellyn's book. It is "a noble novel." "If this is not the greatest modern novel, then you must name the greatest." It is "a book to restore one's faith in human life." "Wherever you are or may be, you will never be the same after Richard Llewellyn has worked his magic." I hardly know what to say. All these earnest and intelligent reviewers surely can't be crazy, and yet I'm convinced that I'm not, either. I can only report that Richard Llewellyn has worked his magic, and here I am, hopelessly the same.

I'd really be interested to know how many of the readers of these columns found me completely wrong about Mr. Llewellyn's merits. Similarly, I'd like to know from them whether they found me absurd when I said of Upton Sinclair's "World's End," "It's the kind of novel that's so big and so serious and has so many famous names and crucial events in it that you figure maybe it's important. And then a few months later —I'm just guessing now—you realize it wasn't important at all, just long." Here it is a few months later, and I'm no longer guessing; it's long and it's unimportant.

But this week is supposed to be given up to confessions of error and not to gestures of self-justification. Among these errors was the too cautious praise accord-

"How does <u>that</u> thing work?"

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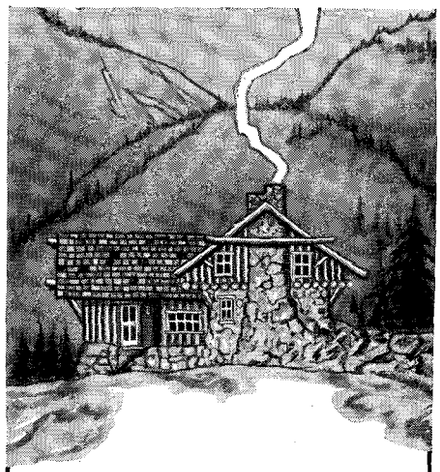

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ed Henry de Montherlant's "Costals and the Hippogriff." This satire on the passion of love and the institution of marriage sticks in my memory now that other and "pleasanter" books have vanished forever. I urge it upon those of you who may have missed it on its appearance a few months ago.

Too little attention, perhaps, was paid here to Maurice Samuel's searching analysis of anti-Semitism, "The Great Hatred." Mr. Samuel's thesis—that anti-Semitism is basically an expression of part of mankind's hatred of Christ and Christianity—seems to be confirmed almost daily, as the anti-religious element in Fascism becomes more clearly exposed.

Perry Burgess's "Who Walk Alone," which deals beautifully with an unbeautiful subject—leprosy—was praised, but all too briefly. It's not the sort of book one can be diverting about or diverted by, but in addition to its humanitarian message, it has considerable literary merit.

A definite apology is due the publishers, authors, and perhaps some readers of "Beyond German Victory," by Helen Hill and Herbert Agar. The brief review summarized it by saying that the authors "argue that we should set up a totalitarian government and fight Germany now." The word "wartime," which should have preceded the word "totalitarian" and which did precede it in the original copy, was inexplicably omitted. In general, however, the phrasing was unfortunate, for it implied that the authors' point of view was totalitarian, which it emphatically is not.

In my review of Knut Hamsun's "Look Back on Happiness," I attacked the author as a Hitler reactionary on the basis of what I considered good internal evidence. I judged the novel to be a very recent one. Actually, it was written in 1911. All I can say is that my bibliographical scholarship was extraordinarily bad, and Hamsun's pre-first-World-War prejudices extraordinarily prescient of Adolf Hitler's later ones.

And now, if my gentle readers will kindly oblige by not sending me bills for $2.50, I shall feel a distinct sense of relief. Such forbearance will convince me that I have nothing to fear, that next year I can go right ahead and make a few more mistakes and that the heavens will not fall. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE LETTERS OF JOHN FISKE, edited by Ethel F. Fisk (the spelling is correct—it's Fisk). The American his-

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torian's letters, written between 1850 and 1901, in a 706-page selection edited by his daughter. A vigorous, intimate record of the Harvard don, who was also a hearty, vain, restless, incredibly learned man, full of large enthusiasms and alert to all the main currents of his time. Very readable, but a thorough job of annotation would have helped the story. Illustrated.

IT'S A GREAT LIFE, by J. C. Nugent. Humorous and good-humored autobiography of a likable actor who served his apprenticeship in Middle-Western road companies during the nineties (apparently they hadn't changed much since Huckleberry Finn met the King and the Duke), graduated to vaudeville in its heyday, and raised a theatrical family on Broadway and in Hollywood. A trifle sentimental, and why not? Illustrated.

MR. SMITH AND MR. SCHMIDT, by Ben Martin. Engaging little picture story about Mr. Smith, who is a citizen of a democracy minding his own business, and Mr. Schmidt, who is so happy minding his Führer that he wants Mr. Smith to mind him too. Black-and-white drawings and captions by the author.

TWICE A YEAR. A vanguard miscellany that carries on the tradition of the old *Dial* and adds to it a new and timely interest in the question of civil liberties. Contributions of varied merit by Stieglitz, Saroyan, William Carlos Williams, Henry Miller, Angna Enters, Elie Faure, and many others. The tone is curiously mixed, combining a genuine modernism with the last, faint, decadent notes of the post-first-World-War aesthetic movement.

A FRANZ KAFKA MISCELLANY. Oddments, sometimes inflated, sometimes interesting, by and about the short-lived Czech genius who is, one regrets, rapidly becoming the feverish-

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.)

An American in Paris, by Janet Flanner. *(Simon & Schuster, $2.50.)*

Witty, knowing, and to the point, each of these biographical articles serves to increase one's comprehension of the Europe of the last twenty years, whether it be the story of Queen Mary, of Hitler, of Lady Mendl, or of Elsa Maxwell.

Gossip: The Life and Times of Walter Winchell, by St. Clair McKelway. *(Viking, $1.75.)*

An audacious and valuable biography of one of the astonishing figures in modern journalism, explaining much about him and much about the editorial tendencies of the day.

Celibate at Twilight, by John Mosher. *(Random House, $2.)*

Bachelor memoirs, not untouched by a gentle note of sentiment, ranging from a quiet evening with a dress shirt to moments of violent panic on Fire Island, by a man who knows and forgives a lot. With a number of illustrations by Mary Petty that set a suitable tone for the whole collection.

Fables for Our Time and **Famous Poems Illustrated,** by James Thurber. *(Harper, $2.50.)*

Pictures and prose to delight the souls of the innocent and disenchanted alike, with an interpretation of household poems that gives them an unexpected freshness. Essential, of course, to all Thurberites.

A Pocketful of Wry, by Phyllis McGinley. *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.)*

A volume of epicurean light verse, a great deal of it having to do with the ways of life in New York, and all enlightening and inspiriting.

Letter from England, by Mollie Panter-Downes. *(Little, Brown, $2.)*

What life has been like in London from September, 1939, to September, 1940, described in a series of letters which are direct, candid, and thorough.

Look Who's Talking, by S. J. Perelman. *(Random House, $2.)*

"Is There an Osteosynchrondroitrician in the House?" is a question put and expertly answered in one of the articles in this book, a string of gems collected from the works of this quite lunatic humorist.

Pal Joey, by John O'Hara. *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.)*

That remarkable series of letters which reveal the slippery soul of a rowdy night-club singer and tickle the minds of readers who occasionally go out nights.

The Face Is Familiar: The Selected Verse of Ogden Nash *(Little, Brown, $2.75.)*

A big tome of perhaps the lightest and flightiest rhymes turned out these days by a master in his own school of verse, including such diverse matters as "A Child's Guide to Parents" and "Bankers Are Just Like Anybody Else, Except Richer."

Fellow Citizens, by Gluyas Williams. *(Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.)*

The Inner Man, Literary Renegades, Club Life in America, Industrial Crises, and other such series, many from this magazine, as pictured and interpreted by this illuminating and observant artist. An introduction by Robert Benchley is properly appreciative.

Good Humor Man, by George Price. *(Farrar & Rinehart, $2.)*

Over two hundred cartoons, most of them from *The New Yorker,* including, of course, Mother's Day in the subway and many of those razzle-dazzle domestic scenes which befuddle social investigators. Also a diary of studio life by the artist himself.

Short Stories from The New Yorker. *(Simon & Schuster, $3.)*

Some hilarious stories and some grim ones, all distinguished, selected from the fiction published in this magazine during its first fifteen years.

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ly worshipped idol of a cult. Edwin Muir's essay makes the most sense.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MALICE DOMESTIC, by Evelyn Cameron. Hardy Texans use subtle methods to kill some rather highfalutin Westerners in this six-shooterless story. Sheriff Jake Thompson does the bloodhounding, which is just as well, because you'd never guess the solution by yourself.

THE CROSS-EYED BEAR, by Dorothy B. Hughes. A peculiar will and some foreign powers in a recommended mystery by the author of "The So Blue Marble." A not-so-beautiful girl answers an advertisement for a beautiful girl, gets the job, and from then on—well, don't read this when you're alone in the house. Very fine indeed.

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK, by Cornell Woolrich. Some tried-and-true methods are used to knock off four people in a story which is written in a rather unusual way. The New York police aren't given any clues and neither are you, but don't mind that; the case gets solved anyway.

THE DEPARTMENT OF QUEER COMPLAINTS, by Carter Dickson. An excellent if motley assortment of short stories. Most concern themselves with the fascinating Colonel March, who is positively Holmesesque in his methods of solution. The others are mainly ghost stories which really do scare. The best bedside collection that has shown its head for many a day.

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One Minute Interview with Hank Greenberg:

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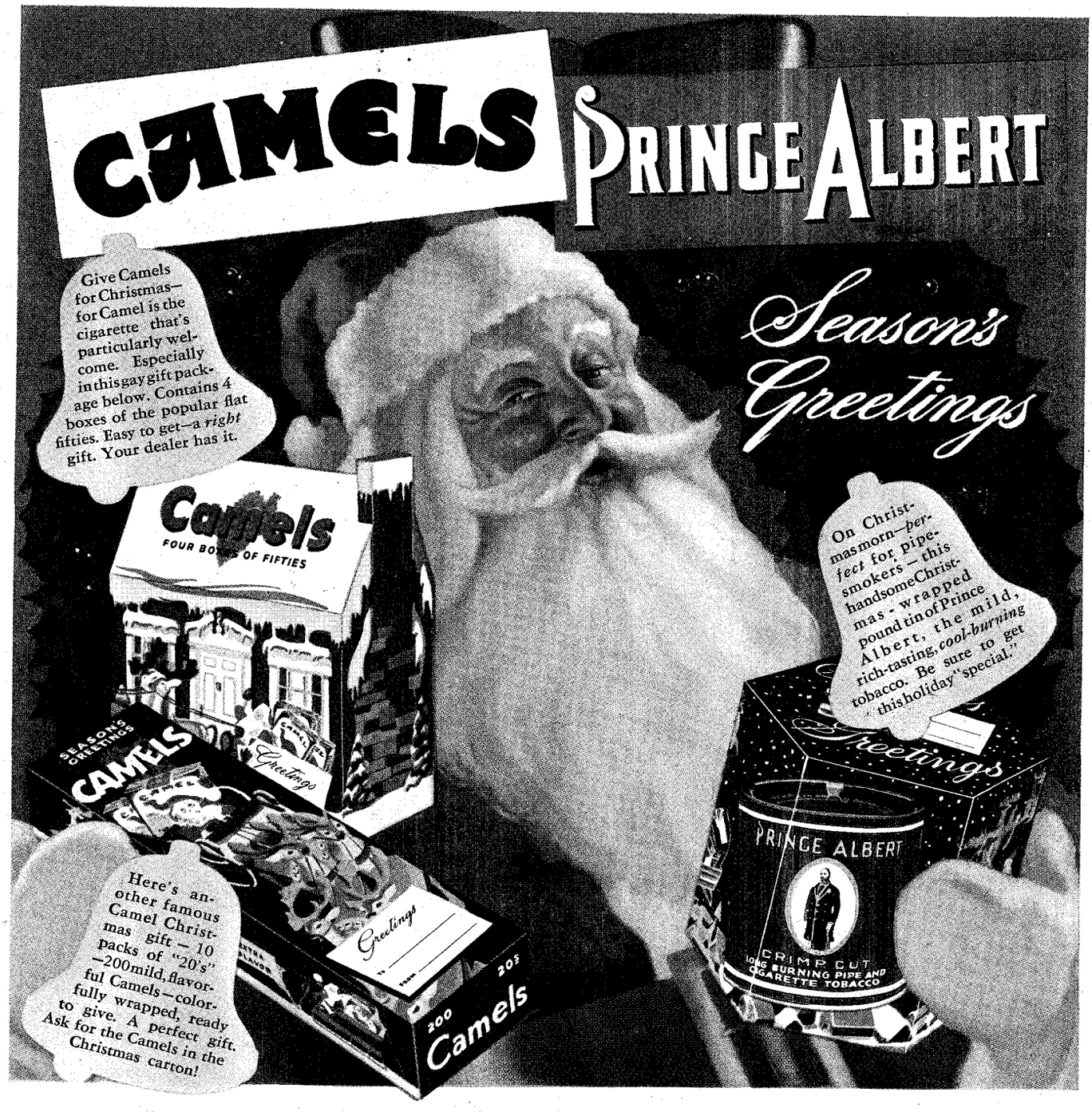
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